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THE ILBERT BILL

IT is probable that by persons not intimately acquainted with politics some interest and curiosity may have been felt to see how the defenders of the Ilbert Bill would answer Mr. Justice Stephen's letter to the Times at the end of last week-a letter which he has since followed up by end of last week—a letter which he has since followed up by another criticizing the criticism of the measure up to the present time. That curiosity can have been shared but faintly by those who have become familiar with the fashions of acting and arguing common among members of the political party which has adopted, if it did not originate, the policy of the Bill. As far as has been noticed only one defender of the RIPON-ILEERT measure has had the helders to every expense, that the test does not wanted. only one defender of the KIPON-ILERET measure has had the boldness to say openly that argument does not matter, that the Government has made up its mind and put down its foot, and that the opinions of almost every official authority, past and present, and of almost all the men of greatest ability now living who have anything to do with India, the earnest and all but unanimous protest of the body of persons affected by the Bill itself, are so much waste breath and spilt ink. This frank knownothingism, although it has a precedent in a certain witersness of although it has a precedent in a certain utterance of Lord Hartington's in the matter of the abandonment of Candahar, is apparently felt to be still a little too frank, a little too much wanting in at least the assumption of intellectual virtue incumbent on the nominal heirs of that party which admitted no force but argument. Most of Mr. ILBERT'S English partisans, therefore, have confined themselves to the easier and less audacious course of ignoring the letter altogether. A few personal insinuations have been made against Mr. Justice Stephen, a few comments on isolated points of his case have been attempted. But, on the whole, his exposition of the true nature of the proposed change has hitherto been left as entirely unchallenged as Mr. BRIGHT left the Minute of the Calcutta Judges. Perhaps his antagonists waited for the second letter. If not, a his antagonists waited for the second letter. If not, a repetition, as facile as it is valueless, of commonplaces about abolishing distinctions between race and colour, a renewal of the references to a famous proclamation which, as every one acquainted with the subject is aware, no more implied the present measure than it implied the appointment of natives to the post of Governor-General or Commander-in-Chief, constitute, as they have always constituted, the whole gist of the argument by which it has been sought to repel the attack on the Bill.

This refusal of the combat, though, as has been said, not at all surprising, is the more noteworthy in that this particular document is conspicuously free from the possibility even of such objections as were made to the shorter and more general criticism of the measure which Mr. Justice Stephen put forth six months ago. His opponents then discovered, at once as a ground of censure and a reason for refusing to discuss the matter in detail, that Mr. Justice Stephen had rested his case on high considerations of policy. They were shocked at his outspoken declaration of the facts and circumstances of English rule in India. In the communication now under notice there is nothing of this sort. The most sensitive stickler for the rights of every country and every nationality but his own will not be frightened by any reference to tenure by the sword. Mr. Justice Stephen has stated the case in a manner so carefully adjusted to the plane of particulars that it might have been supposed the defenders of the Bill would hasten to join issue with him on questions so

strictly limited to fact. He observes that the privileges which British subjects enjoy in India, and which this very Bill proposes to maintain, save in one point, are regarded by them as highly valuable. The supporters of the measure have had more than half a year in which to obtain a counter-opinion to this, and they have failed to do so. He describes these privileges as "inflicting no injury, exciting no un" popularity, causing no injustice," and he might have added no inconvenience either. For long months the defenders of Mr. Ilbert have had the opportunity to ransack Indian records for instances of such injury, such unpopularity, such injustice, and they have been able to produce none. He lays stress on the fact that the privileges supposed to be anomalous are not interfered with except in one comparatively small point, for the exception of which from the general rule no reason whatever, except the desire of a handful of native officials, can be shown. If there is any other reason why, now that the case is so plainly formulated, do the partisans of the Bill hesitate to produce it, and, at the same time, to show why it does not apply to the right of trial by European jury and so forth? He points out that almost the whole unofficial population of India, and a great majority of the representative officials consulted, utterly disapprove the Bill. Is this so or is it not? There is no need to enter into unpleasant questions as to garbled telegrams, official publications inexplicably withheld and delayed, and the very singular measure, commented on by Mr. Justice Stephen, of circulating Mr. Gupta's ex parte statement as an official abstract of official proceedings. But it is permissible to ask, Which side has the balance of published authority? All these points are not matters of disputable opinion, they are not details irrelevant to the question, they are not generalities on which argument is useless because it is impossible. The matters brought forward are such as would be recognized as not merely germane to but

case on the part of the defenders means that they know defence to be simply impossible.

But, it is said, the Ilbert Bill has received Government approval, and has been the subject of Government pledges to an extent which puts its withdrawal out of the question. If the Government of India thought it necessary to ask the opinions of the local authorities, it is to be supposed that it was with the view of allowing those opinions in some way to influence its conduct. If members of the Government at home have taken occasion to emphasize, even in the very speeches which have given most pleasure to the English friends of the measure, the probability of some alterations of detail, how is it possible to contend that no modification, of what is after all and in itself a very minute detail, can be made? It is proved that native opinion, until the more ignorant part of it was stirred up by constructions

of this detail, which are admittedly exaggerated, was totally indifferent on the subject; it is not alleged that it is even now otherwise than indifferent on the whole. The half-dozen native gentlemen, the gratification of whose vanity has been preferred by the proposal to the earnest desires and the reasonable demands of what is, in effect, the whole English community in India, may surely be consoled in one way or another. The advance in the direction of race-equality—supposing, for the moment, such an advance to be either necessary or desirablebeen proved to demonstration to be of that singular kind which inflicts a disadvantage on the European while conferring nothing but the most shadowy advantage on the natives. A hasty person listening to some talk on this subject might imagine rather that it was proposed that no European should ever be punished, or that no native should ever have a fair trial, than that the off-chance of pronouncing sentence on a European should be conferred on an infinitesimal proportion of natives. That the access of the native population of India to free and equal justice is not only not lessened or limited in any way by this present state of things; that it is absolutely unaffected by the proposed alterations; that, as far as natives are con-cerned, nothing but the amour propre of a few civilians is concerned at all—are matters which are, it is to be hoped, honestly unknown to most of those who support Government in this matter, though it is to be feared that they are dishonestly ignored by some of them. They can hardly be known—or, if known, they are certainly left out of sight—by those who represent a measure contemptible of sight—by those who represent a measure contempance in respect of any possible good that, on the most liberal supposition, it may do, and yet formidable on account of the possible harm it may inflict, as a great act of equal justice. And if the Government really in the face of the official documentary evidence perseveres with it, there is one conclusion which, perhaps, without justice, but certainly not without reason, is sure to be drawn. It will be thought and said that the object is not the doing of the very small good claimed for the Bill by those who do understand it, but the obtaining of credit for the altogether false estimate of its nature put forward by those who do not, or will not, The magnificent descriptions of Mr. BRIGHT and of some other less distinguished persons might tempt a not very scrupulous or strong-minded Minister to resist the all but unanimous warning of qualified authority. Even such a Minister would hardly resist such evidence in order to give to A. the hearing now and then of a cause which would otherwise be heard by B.

A REASONABLE UTOPIA.

CANONS ought to be more careful. It is disagreeable to see a reverend gentleman, a Canon to boot, presiding over an assembly of Tappertits, and accepting the thanks of a meeting which announced its desire to rob on a large scale, and with impartial universality. Poor Canon Spence had to listen on Tuesday while Mr. Murray told him that "bishops and landowners and profit-mongers" (whoever they may be) "and usurers are supported by the working "classes," whom, in their turn, they rob and debauch. Now surely Canon Spence and his reverend friends (we missed the usual curate who patronizes the ballet, and the accustomed ex-under-master) could not quite sympathize with the meeting in St. Pancras Vestry Hall. The meeting was called "in promotion of State-aided emigration to the "British Colonies," and it was swamped by intelligent proletarians who prefer to stay at home. The advocates of State-aided emigration perceive that work and land and food in England are too scarce for our population. They hold (rightly or wrongly) that it is the interest or the duty of the State to bring people who want to work and eat into contact with the labour and food which abound in some of our colonies. On the other hand, London contains a large floating population of public-house loafers and members of the Executive Council of the Democratic Federation, who want to eat without working and without leaving England. These thinkers swamped the meeting at which the luckless Canon Spence presided, and they outvoted him and his friends. Of course they do not say that they don't want to work. They are as fond of work as Mark Twan's friend, the Tramp. Only they must not be asked to labour under alien skies, nor to eat the bread, however well buttered, of exile. That bread may be good enough for younger sons and for the slavish middle classes. They may emigrate to

Australia and America, and turn their hundreds into hundreds of thousands. But the persons who outvoted Canon Spence on Tuesday night are more fastidious. They must work here, at home, and apparently (for we are not certain of their views on this point) they will only work at husbandry. They might till the soil in Canada, it is true; but they prefer to till it in England on a system of "home "colonization."

Some opponent may observe that the land is all taken up at home, that there is no land where the Executive Council of the Democratic Federation can drive the plough, supposing (for the sake of argument) that plough-driving is one of their accomplishments. But Mr. Murray, of the Democratic Federation, knows better. The soil of England belongs to him and his friends; in fact, to the people. Why should he and other members of the people emigrate while they have this considerable real property at home? Why, in fact, should Mr. James Murray be "kep' out of his "own"? People may reply that probably he has no land of his own, that other people own the land just as Mr. Murray owns his boots, and that they will not let themselves be robbed of it any more than Mr. Murray would quietly permit the first va-nu-pieds who came past to deprive him of his possessions. But Mr. Murray has an answer to these objections.

Mr. MURRAY, and his clients "the working-men of "England," are in the romantic position of being the true heirs to all real property in the island. "Their fathers "had been plundered of that land, and they meant to have "it again." Mr. Murray's authorities for this historical statement are, apparently, Mr. George, Professor Wallace, and Mr. Davitt. Of Professor Wallace we know that he believes the earth not to be flat, and has even backed his opinion by a sporting bet. We are also aware that Professor Wallace has communications from the spirit world, or believes in the communications received by mediums. Perhaps it was from some necyomanteia, some spirit of an ancestral working-man, that the Professor derived his theory about the true heirship of English soil. Before we can discuss the matter soberly and properly it is necessary to know who were the ancestors working-men from whom the real estate was plundered. Were they autochthones, born of the soil and on the soil, or were they the first settlers? If they were merely Celts, or Silurians, or English, or any one but the original Eskimolike people with the stone weapons, they were robbers themselves, and stole the land from some earlier proprietors. And who stole it from them? What had they to steal? What proof is there that they ever possessed the soil in private property, or that, if they did possess it, they did not sell it openly for what it would bring? How far back in history would Mr. MURRAY like to go? If the ancestors of the working-men were villeins, they were far from being owners of the soil. They were not even owners of themselves. They fled into towns when they had the chance, that by dwelling within the walls for a year they might obtain their personal freedom.

This nonsense about their ancestral right to the land of which their fathers were robbed is comparatively respectable in Ireland. In Ireland the majority of the real property, by various rude tenures, was in Celtic hands, and the Celts (themselves originally conquerors) have been conquered again and again. Consequently, a sentimental Celt may regard himself, in his muzzy Celtic way, as being an ill-treated rightful heir of any land which chances to belong to a "Saxon." The Highland crofters, too, have some kind of shadow of an old attachment to the soil, an old right to live on the chief and on the Lowlanders' cattle still present to their Celtic memories. But in England there is not even a sentimental pretext for this kind of assertion of ancestral right. Of course there were ages when, in one form or other, every man lived by the soil, and, in servile or other fashion, was attached to the soil. But this could only last till other means of making a livelihood, by trade, art, manufacture, and the like, were discovered. And this state of universal living on the soil (which the Democratic Federation seems to crave) can only be revived when trade, art, manufacture, and all non-agricultural industries cease to exist.

The Democratic Federation, if they agree with the view of Mr. Murray, are anxious (unconsciously, perhaps) to revert to barbarism. As a mere matter of taste we have not the least objection to barbarism. Give us an England with a tiny population, scattered in marks through the country, with no roads, no towns, nothing but the garden

of each tribesman and the common fold of the village. That is a very charming ideal; there would be plenty of sport, plenty of fighting, no pollution of rivers, no overcrowding, no need to emigrate, except to do a little piracy now and then. In this state of things England would enjoy "home colonization," for most of the land would be waste, and any one might squat on it, with the chance of being tomahawked for his pains. Short of such a return to barbarism it is clearly impossible for Mr. Murray's ideal to become real. The "Return of the English to the lands of their fathers" would need to be preceded by a general massacre and dispossession of the existing squires and farmers. This would free the land and reduce the population. Then the land would be meted out afresh by the Executive Council of the Democratic Federation to all true-born workingmen. Most of these would die of starvation from inability to till the soil, of drink (restored to the people from the cellars of the wealthy), of exposure, and other obvious causes. Of course the workingmen could not support themselves by their trades till they had learned husbandry, because there would be nobody to buy from them. All capitalists would have gone and all "profit" mongers" in the big general massacre. There would be no readily transferable wealth in the country when the gold was all gone, because all paper, bonds, and so forth would be destroyed in the great and holy holocaust with which Regeneration would begin. Mr. Murray said that the upper classes were mainly responsible for destitution and "drunkenness"; but he must remember that when the upper classes are got rid of, the love of drink will not disappear. The present drunkards will simply act like sailors when a ship is going down; they will break into the cellars of the prosperous, and die therein. So, on the whole, the massacres, confusion, misery which will have to be undergone before the land of England can be redivided among the workingmen seem a rather large price to pay for a return to savagery

And Mr. Murray should remember that when once the working-man has his own again, any one stronger than Mr. Murray will be able to catch him, put a collar round his neck, and make him work for nothing but his keep. Slavery always prevails in the kind of society which would follow, as inevitably as any geometrical conclusion from the premisses, on Mr. Murray's scheme of social regeneration. Mr. Murray called for a "reasonable scheme of home "colonization." We have described the Utopia which would be not only the reasonable but the inevitable result of Mr. Murray's ideas, if carried into practice. These ideas require for their realization a wholesale robbery and general overthrow of society. Even that would not suffice. A permanently low level of barbarism would have to be reached before the ideas of the Democratic Federation could themselves become permanent in the concrete form of institutions. It seems a pity that clergymen should preside over and accept the thanks of meetings at which such chaotic ideas find noisy utterance. Of, course we do not suppose that the opinion of the working classes of England goes with the Democratic Federation in its views about capitalists and "reasonable schemes." The sweet reasonableness of the Democratic Federation is rather like that of irreconcilable Spanish revolutionaries than of Englishmen. And it is too

THE TRANSVAAL DELEGATION.

much even for the Pall Mall Gazette.

THE delegates from the Transval Government have been courteously received by the Colonial Secretary, and if they fail to conclude some kind of agreement, their want of success will perhaps be owing to the inherent difficulty of their task. They have come to England, if not by the invitation, at least with the assent, of the Government; and, on the whole, the questions at issue will be more conveniently discussed in London than at Pretoria. If Lord Reay had proceeded on his intended mission, the possible collapse of the negotiations would have assumed the form of another rebuff inflicted on the Imperial Government. Lord Derby will in doubtful matters have the opportunity of consulting his colleagues, and he can himself exercise a larger discretion than it would have been proper to vest even in a trusted plenipotentiary. It will not be easy to define the objects which are desirable, and the further question will arise whether a friendly arrangement is attainable. The final settlement of existing disputes is not of vital importance to either party in the negotiations. The

rights of England are guaranteed, as far as promises and treaties afford security, by the convention which is still perfectly valid. The contention that a contract is not binding because it was imposed on one of the parties by superior force would be fatal to the efficacy of every treaty concluded at the termination of war. Even the Russian denunciation in 1870 of the Treaty of Paris implied that in fourteen years the balance of power had shifted. Unless the Transvaal delegates are reasonable in their demands, the English Government may fall back on the terms of the convention, reserving to itself the choice of times and opportunities for enforcing its claims. On the other hand, the delegates may argue with reason that the commencement of the negotiation implies a readiness to alter the present relations between the parties. The Government which they represent knows by experience that in ordinary circumstances it is safe from actual coercion. It is only in the contingency of complications and of wars with native potentates that it would be immediately dangerous to give offence to the paramount power. If Cetewayo or a successor were to revive the military organization of the Zulus, the Boers might probably find it necessary to resort to English protection.

One of the objects of the deputation is to obtain a partial or total remission of the debt which was acknowledged in the Convention. The strongest argument in the request will perhaps be found in the difficulty of obtaining payment; yet it will be a strange proceeding to remit the claim on the Transvaal and to enforce payment of a larger amount which is due from the loyal colony of Natal. A judicious negotiator will perhaps postpone the consideration of the money question till political arrangements approach a conclusion. The release of the debt may in that case be set off against some reasonable undertaking with respect to the treatment of natives, the tariff, or the claim of the Republic to a control over foreign relations. It may be foreseen that a considerable sum to be either paid or remitted according to the result of the negotiations will have a stronger interest for the Transvaal than for the guardians of the English Treasury. It will scarcely be possible to dispute either the legal liability or the justice of the grounds on which the amount was assessed. The Republic cannot reasonably plead poverty, but an appeal to the magnanimity of the creditor may possibly receive attention. The occasion may perhaps not be unsuitable for discussing the subject of monopolies and of taxes imposed on English subjects. It is not to be regretted that the Minister who will conduct the negotiations will be neither lavish in pecuniary matters nor unduly susceptible on points of dignity. It will, nevertheless, be inexpedient even to discuss the proposal that the nominal dependence of the Transvaal on the English Crown should be abolished. It may be true that the relation of an autonomous Republic to a monarchy is comparatively novel, though similar relations are not unprecedented; but there is no reason why the Transvaal should require the absolute nominal independence which is withheld from Indian princes ruling a far larger territory and population.

If the term suzerainty had previously no definite meaning, it becomes intelligible in its negative operation. The QUEEN'S suzerainty precludes the Republic from entering into diplomatic relations with European Powers which might possibly desire an excuse for meddling in South African affairs. The Emperor of China is at the present moment contending for rights of vital importance to his dynasty and Empire on the ground of a feudal superiority over Annam not dissimilar to the suzerainty of England in the Transvaal. A State which is nominally independent can on occasion acknowledge allegiance to any Government with which it may form a compact. It would be extremely inconvenient that at some future time a tricolour flag should be hoisted at Pretoria. Even a Dutch intervention would endanger friendly relations with the Netherlands. Perhaps the most imminent risk of the kind would be a commercial arrangement between the Republic and the Portuguese of Delagoa Bay. The ingenious perversity of foreigners in excluding English commerce is sufficiently notorious to justify precautions. When the emigrants from the Cape Colony first obtained from the English authorities the right of governing themselves, there was no question of any external trade except that which would pass through Colonial territory, When the ill-cmened convention was concluded no attempt was made on the part of the Boers to secure titular independence. Their representatives, perhaps, foresaw that the rights reserved to the

Crown would have little effect in domestic matters; but it was distinctly understood that foreign affairs were absolutely reserved by the Imperial Government. It would be better to break off negotiations at the outset than to renounce the title of the QUEEN to her present rights in the Transyaal.

It is probable that strenuous efforts will be made by the delegates to acquire the power of dealing as their own convenience may require with native chiefs and tribes. It is with this object that the Boers are especially anxious to be relieved from the troublesome presence of the Resident, who, if he has not sufficient power to check their encroachments, has the opportunity of reporting them to the Imperial Government. It would be impossible to make a plausible defence for the methods by which territorial encroachments have been effected. The device or practice of organizing bands of adventurers in the territory of the Republic for the purpose of annexing frontier lands belonging to the natives is abundantly transparent. In some instances the invaders take part in native civil wars, as the same class has before and since the days of Strongrow done in many other parts of the world. When the victory is secured, the auxiliaries always take care to reward themselves for their services by taking possession of conquered lands; and in some instances their cupidity has not spared their native confederates. Some of the sufferers have formerly given aid to the English Government, which has now proved itself unable or unwilling to redress their wrongs. Lord DERBY on one occasion explained, with unnecessary candour, that it would be a costly, and perhaps a dangerous, undertaking to defend friendly chiefs against the Boers. He will now ascertain whether the Government of the Republic is ready ascertain whether the Government of the Republic is ready to give assurances of its peaceable conduct in future, though he can scarcely judge what the promises will be worth. The petty wars with Monsion and other chiefs, which have caused just dissatisfaction in England, are perhaps not breaches of the convention. The stipulations which were made in favour of the natives, and of which the performance was to be ensured by the Resident, were designed for the protection of the native inhabitants of the Transvall. the protection of the native inhabitants of the Transvaal, and not of the neighbouring chiefs. It is not officially known that the coloured population has since been op-pressed, or that virtual slavery has been restored, except in the case of prisoners taken in the border wars.

The Pretoria delegates cannot count on the encouragement which is generally given to all organs of disaffection or of complaint against the English Government. The philanthropists are divided on the subject of the Transvaal; for, although there is somewhere an Association or a Committee for promoting the independence of the Republic, the active and zealous managers of the Aborigines' Protection Society are on the other side. The Boers are of European descent, and they are therefore not entitled to the sympathy which attends on coloured malcontents. are, indeed, the habitual enemies and persecutors of the natives, in whose interest the Society will jealously watch the progress of the negotiations. Lord Derby, though he will not fail to do his best for the natives within and without the territory of the Transvaal, will have other interests to consider. This delegation, though it is not accredited by the Orange River Republic, may perhaps have something to say about the difficult questions connected with the Bechuanas. The Cape Colony is about to renounce the right and the duty of controlling Bechuanaland, and the Imperial Government has not yet announced its decision on the resumption of its former power over the province. The Orange River Boers forcibly complain of a grievance in which their kindred in the Transvaal will strongly sympathize. They were induced to abandon territory which they had after some provocation conquered from the Bechuanas on the representation of the English authorities that their Government would be answerable for the peaceable conduct of the natives. The powers and duties of the Imperial Government were afterwards transferred to the Colony, which has now found itself too weak to discharge duties which it is consequently disposed to repudiate. It is not certain whether the Bechuana difficulty will be mentioned in the negotiations, but it illustrates the complicated nature of the relations which are to be established among several parties with separate and sometimes conflicting interests. The Crown, the Colonies, the two Dutch Republics, and natives of many different tribes all await the settlement

IRELAND.

THE resurrection of national feeling in the proper ser among the Orange party appears to have struck the Nationalists in the improper sense, and their sympathizers in England with an almost ludicrous dismay and indignation. Except that it is much more vocal, this feeling seems in some sort to resemble the effect produced by the entrance of the Commander in the Don Juan story. But there is here no Radical or Nationalist Don Juan who preserves his equanimity. Mr. Sexton has for days been raving at Sir Stafford Northcote, at the Irish Government, at the Orangemen, and at everybody concerned with a violence which is surely bad husbandry; for there are plenty of less able speakers on his side who could do the thing much better. Mr. Healy has forgotten his grotesque much better. Mr. Healy has forgotten his grotesque offers of Irish mercenaries to the English Tory party in his eagerness to denounce the Tory party in Ireland. Mr. Parnell, with his accustomed intelligence, keeps silence on the whole matter. But the rage and disappointment of a certain portion of English Radicalism almost exceeds the disappointment and rage of the organizers of the invasion of Ulster. That the tendency to take the law into their own hands which has been so convenient when it was displayed by one Irish party should suddenly be displayed by the other seems to have come as a hideous and horrible surprise to these persons, a surprise so hideous and horrible that it makes them forget the difference between violence in aggression and violence in self-defence. nobody but a landlord was set running for his life the spectacle was watched with great calmness, not to say relish, by Mr. Bright and other distinguished Radicals. But when demagogues and sedition-mongers have, in much milder form, the same measure served out to them, the thing becomes clearly intolerable. Most remarkable of all, the proosition that strictly equal justice should be maintained, that all public meetings on burning questions in Ireland, whether held in the South or the North, whether convened by Orangemen or by Nationalists, shall during the present heats be prohibited, has met with the keenest opposition and the most violent disapproval from English Radicals. The pother which has been made about the matter, and especially the indignant replies to Lord CRICHTON'S very pertinent citation of Ministerial taunts addressed to Irish loyalists in recent times for not taking their own part, seem to suggest one thing very forcibly. It would appear to be not so much the robustiousness of Orangeism as its redintegration of love with the Tory party which disturbs the critics. Something of the same note may be heard in Mr. Gladstone's reply to the Belfast Liberals. It is, indeed, so short a time since English partisans entertained the hope of recruiting support for the present Government in Ulster, that vexation at the contrary result is natural.

No moderate and reasonable politician will rejoice at the prospect of a new Ninety-eight, or anything like a new Ninety-eight. If there is any truth in a report of a plan to tar and feather the Lord Mayor of Dublin on his visit to Trinity College, it is scarcely necessary to express disapproval of a project so contrary to law and propriety. It may be impossible to discern what business the proposed victim recently had at Derry; and it is certain that he has said and done very many foolish things in time past. But, beyond folly, there is not much chargeable against him; and, in any case, the introduction of the tar-pot and the feather-bed as engines of moral and political criticism could not be too strongly deprecated. America has sent to Ireland curses enough on the wrong side; it is certainly not necessary for the right side to import others. But the fact, if it be true (and even the invention of it, if it be false), is a symptom, when taken in connexion with recent events in Ulster, of which men in power would do well to take heed. It stood to reason that the terrorizing of a whole class of the Irish people and of a large minority of the other classes should sooner or later lead to a reaction. The force of the League agitation has mainly spent itself; the English Government is deprived by its own act of the power of excusing Irish crime as the result of landlord oppression; the execution of the Phænix Park assassins, and the strong disapproval of the respectable part of the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy, have made evildoers uncomfortable about their necks and not very certain about their souls. Last of all, there is the half inexplicable but certain force of reaction pure and simple—of the back-swing of the pendulum which occurs in all human affairs. The enemies of this reaction naturally wish to thwart it in their several ways.

Irish agitators redouble the violence of their language, and repeat their persuasions to such acts as interference with hunting. English speculators on Irish agitation urge the Government not to interfere with the Nationalist propaganda, to make further bids for Nationalist support by extending the franchise, and so forth. Meanwhile what even such an—in this case—unexceptionable authority as Lord Hartnoton recognizes as a remarkable revival of loyal principles has taken place, and this revival results in the actual rout of the Lord Mayor of Dublin from the walls of Derry, and in the proposed—or let it be hoped supposed—determination of the Undergraduates of Trinity to outdo anything recorded, even of the famous Mr. Webber and his reckless associates. Many of the forms which this spirit has taken must be regretted, and this particular form of course is worthy of the very strongest reprehension. But the real nature of the general spirit itself can best be appreciated by a simple observation of the persons who are most indignant at its appearance. It is deplorable that there should be any room or need for Vigilance Committees in Ireland, more deplorable that their attempted or suggested implements of reform should be the revolver and the tar-brush. But the kind of rough common sense which looks more at generals than particulars will probably be satisfied that there must be some redeeming features in a movement against which Mr. Sexton, Mr. Healty, and the organs of extreme English Radicalism are never tired of scolding.

There are rumours which may very likely prove to be founded on fact, to the effect that a serious assault is to be made on the Government scheme (no very extensive or daring one) of Irish emigration; that part of the Roman Catholic hierarchy which sympathizes with the agitators, defeated in its audacious attempt to secure countenance from the Pope, hopes, it would seem, to enlist the loyal part, and perhaps even to influence the Vatican, to join in a crusade against the so-called depopulation of Ireland. The arguments used are not new; but to the ears to which they are specially addressed they may seem plausible. The Irish sheep, it is said, cannot be safely trusted out of the Irish fold; he strays, and is lost among the temptations, and, in the unshepherded expanse of the American continent. The counter plan of "migration" is to be tried, and from the political as well as the religious side every effort is to be used to induce people not to emigrate. Similar efforts, though Mr. Hyndman and Mr. Wallace hardly appeal to the Pope to aid them, are, as is well known, being made in England, though there is here little or no question of Government assistance. In Ireland, the case standing as it does, it may well seem marvellous that any man or men posing as the friends of the people should be able for a single day to continue that posture while endeavouring to persuade the people not to accept the manifest, and in most cases the only, means of prosperity. But in the Irish question not only do all things end in mystery, but most things begin and abide in the same atmosphere. Why Irishmen should hate England at all; why, if they choose to hate her, they should allow their hatred to be made the instrument of the most transparent and, in many instances, the most ignoble, adventurers; why members of one of the bravest, most generous, and most faithful nations in the world when its cause is good should, with an invariable regularity otherwise unexampled in history, become in this particular bad cause the most cowardly and treacherous of scoundrels; why men should think to give evidence of their fitness for national independence by flying, and tempting each other to fly, at each other's throats—these and many other scarcely soluble questions present themselves to the bold inquirer into Irish affairs. But he will hardly find anything more anomalous and astonishing on any but purely cynical principles than this attitude of a Christian priesthood towards a distressed Christian people in the matter of emigration. The conduct of the agitators is of matter of emigration. The conduct of the agitators is of course perfectly simple and explicable, as simple and explicable as, on the cynical theory just alluded to, is that of the priests themselves. Each, it may be said, is reluctant to give the shearing of the sheep to others. But this rejected—as in justice to the great majority of the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland it must in their case be rejected—the mystery returns. For that the United States are a land of heathers in the great of Roman Catholic course. land of heathenry in the eyes of Roman Catholics must, in justice to Cardinal McCloskey and his clergy, be dismissed as an idle invention.

THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.

THE new Lord Mayor has entered on the duties of his threatened office with the display which is dear to Londoners. sions are not fastidious, and they are quite right in admiring bright colours, glistening ornaments, and the music of mili tary bands. The procession has for generations provoked the sarcasm of critical spectators, and even Johnson suggested that the traditional laughing philosopher would have found a new subject of ridicule if he could have mocked a new-made Mayor's unwieldy state. The vulgar are more easily pleased, Mayor's unwieldy state. The vulgar are more easily pleased, and so far they are perhaps wiser. The Lord Mayors of the future will, perhaps, be too solemn to celebrate their accession to office with the traditional splendour; yet it will be well if they and their coadjutors are as innocently employed. It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the sneers of superfine utilitarians, the City Corporation, its forms, and its privileges have never excited popular discontent. The doom which is probably approaching will have been pronounced by politicians in search of a grievance, in the absence of any demand on the part of the inhabitants of London. When the threatened measure is introduced there will be no difficulty in collecting meetings to vote at the there will be no difficulty in collecting meetings to vote at the dictation of their leaders for the proposed legislative change; but it is certain from past experience that the motives and the proceedings of the agitators will bear an exclusively political character. The feeble attempts which have been made by Radical Clubs to excite public opinion against the existing City government illustrate the universal indiffer-ence to the municipal movement. The same remark applies ence to the municipal movement. The same remark applies to the more serious agitation which is now beginning. Mr. Forster, who is to preside over a meeting in favour of the proposed change, will be supported exclusively by Liberals and Radicals. It could not have been inferred from the demeanour of the multitude in the streets or of the guests at Guildhall that the LORD MAYOR was not one of an endless series of civic potentates. The Livery may have perhaps by this time satisfied themselves that the Court of Aldermen were well advised in their unusual action; and in any case the members of the Corporation would be unwilling to call the attention of their adversaries to any differences of opinion which might exist among themselves

The elections which were held on the 1st of November for the provincial municipalities indicate the nature of the future metropolitan contests. It is not unsatisfactory to find that the Radicals have to some extent lost ground in the boroughs; but it would have been much better if politics had been left out of consideration. It is a monstrous anomaly that in such communities as Leeds and Birmingham more than half of the most competent candidates should be absolutely and persistently excluded from all share in local administration. Like the French peasantry in former times, Conservative ratepayers are taxed and governed at the discretion of the dominant faction. Unless the great manufacturing towns differ widely in social circumstances from the rest of the kingdom, the great majority of the upper middle class must there as elsewhere be utterly opposed to the policy of the present Government; but the municipal elections depend on the votes of the artisans, who are for the most part managed by the local Caucus. Their votes are given not to the best candidate, but to the nominee of the party. There is no doubt that the members of great Corporations are for the most part personally respectable; but the monopoly of a party in non-political offices is an intolerable hardship. It was not supposed in former times to be a sufficient consolation to Roman Catholics for their disabilities that the Protestant members of the House of Commons bore creditable characters. A Birmingham Radical is at least as intolerant and as exclusive as the bitterest follower of ELDON.

The issues on which municipal elections in a few instances turn, to the exclusion of party politics, are almost equally irrelevant to the purposes for which Corporations are appointed. The advocates of compulsory abstinence have in some places tried their strength against the publicans, and unfortunately not without success. The fanatics have reason to boast of the progress of their cause, for only a few years ago the balance inclined in the other direction. In one of the early Sessions of the last Parliament, when some question was raised on the liquor trade, one Liberal after another rose in rapid succession to profess his abhorrence, not only of local option, but of arbitrary

horrence, not only of local option, but of arbitrary interference with an important trade. Members were then fresh from a general election in which the licensed victuallers had displayed unexpected strength. It seems now to have become better worth while to humour the bigotry of the temperance agitators; yet, in considering this question, it must be remembered that the municipal and Parliamentary constituencies are not exactly the same. Women who vote for Town Councillors, and not at present for members of Parliament, may be trusted to prefer side issues to an invidious comparison of the qualifications of candidates; and almost all women will welcome opportunities of condemning a vice to which the sex is, for the most part, not inclined. The further question, whether a moderate consumption of beer or wine is in any sense a vice cannot be expected to occur to female voters, inasmuch as it seems to be too abstruse for the understanding of all Sir Wilfrid Lawson's enthusiastic followers. Except that, for purposes of political prognostication, the votes of women must be deducted, almost all the advocates of compulsion would probably have voted on the Liberal side. Mr. Goschen omitted from his catalogue of recent proposals of interference with private discretion the agitation against the sale of alcoholic liquids; but there is no more conspicuous instance of the antagonism between democracy and freedom. The Conservatives are almost unanimously assuming the exclusive championship of individual liberty.

It appears that the Liberals have won about fifty seats in Town Councils, and their opponents more than eighty. That the growth of the minority is not merely casual seems to be proved by the continuous progress of the Conservatives during three successive years. In 1880 they were, after the Midlothian speeches and the general election, in the lowest state of depression; and they are perhaps now regaining their natural and normal share of local power. The municipal system provides a security for the rights of minorities which might, perhaps, if possible, be advantageously imitated in Parliamentary elections. Boroughs are, for municipal purposes, divided into wards, which are in most places inhabited by different classes of the community. In a suburban district, occupied by the villas of manufacturers and tradesmen, Radical opinions are not likely to be prevalent. It therefore becomes possible for the wealthier classes to secure a certain share of the representation, although they may be powerless in other parts of the borough. It unluckily happened that the last Parliamentary election was largely affected by foreign politics, and that the respectable Liberals were consequently induced to coalesce heartily with the Radicals, who are their natural and implacable adversaries. Although diplomatic relations with Russia and war in Afghanistan had no real connexion with domestic questions, all who disapproved of a policy which was by some thought restless and hazardous found too late that they were pledged to an unforeseen Irish Land Bill, and to a long string of objectionable measures. Although it is to be regretted that municipal elections should depend on the comparative strength of parties, the conditions of the struggle which are proposed on one side are necessarily accepted on the other. The result is that Mr. Gladstone is losing strength in the boroughs, but that he still commands a large majority. It is generally agreed that the late election was more free than usual from the irregularities which formerly preva

But for the sense of injustice which is caused by the infliction of political disabilities, the practical working of the municipal system is not to be generally condemned. It is not a little remarkable that, with some insignificant exceptions, municipal administration has for the course of nearly half a century been exempt from the vice of pecuniary corruption. The result is, of course, partly to be attributed to the control exercised by the High Court, and formerly by the Queen's Bench, over municipal expenditure. Any ratepayer can set the Court in motion, and procure the disallowance of any outlay which exceeds the powers of the Corporation. It may happen that expenditure, though not illegal, may be injudicious; but municipal Corporations are not exceptionally liable to error. In some cases they are legally compelled to submit their decision to a popular vote; and in the majority of instances they consult local public opinion. It may, nevertheless, be observed that municipal bodies are constantly attempting to extend their boundaries, and that their projects of annexation are as uniformly opposed by outlying dis

tricts as if they were foreign invaders. The objection is principally founded on the increased burden of rates which almost always results from incorporation; but the suburban population is also frequently indisposed to submit to a government based on a low franchise. The battle has several times been fought by the Corporation of Glasgow with alternations of success and defeat. The merits of municipal Corporations principally depend on the permanent staff. It is fortunately impossible for such bodies to transact the greater part of their business except through professional agents; and they have for the most part sufficient good sense to consult their own interest by preferring competent candidates. Town clerks, city architects, surveyors, and medical officers are, as a rule, conspicuous for their ability; and, even if politics have been considered in their appointment, lawyers, and engineers, and doctors have a professional conscience which preponderates over their party predilections. A Mayor or a Committee of the Town Council would find in the official staff a grave impediment to the indulgence of caprice or partiality; yet the permanent functionaries obediently obey the orders of their superiors. An incorporated London might perhaps follow the example of Paris rather than of Manchester or Liverpool.

THE POSITION OF FRANCE.

N one respect at least the active colonial policy of M. FERRY's Ministry has amply justified its authors. It was professedly designed to find a safe field for the energies of France, and it has been perfectly successful so far. Whether the new colonies d'exploitation in Madagascar and Tonquin will make the fortunes of many Frenchmen is at least doubtful, but they have already made the fortune of M. Ferry's Ministry. They have given the Cabinet a complete victory at the beginning of the Session, and have enabled it to put its enemies wholly in the wrong with public opinion. While the impression of this success lasts, and nothing disastrous happens in Tonquin or elsewhere, the great battle between M. Ferry and the Radicals will be postponed. It is probable that the pause is as pleasing to the Opposition as to the Ministry. They are bound to express violent dislike of M. Ferry and to profess the greatest to what his Ministry, but they have not as yet eagerness to upset his Ministry; but they have not as yet shown how they propose to do it or why. The votes of the Chamber of Deputies are often given in what appears an erratic manner and on no intelligible grounds. After approving M. Ferry's colonial policy last week, it is possible that they may condemn it a week hence; but there is every sign that for the present he has a strong and trust-worthy majority. The Opposition—or the many mutually hostile factions which unite for the sole purpose of attacking the Minister of the day—seems to be not only weak and the Minister of the day—seems to be not only weak and divided, but to have no policy and no object which is not of the vaguest and most general character. The Monarchical parties have practically retired from the field, and are waiting to see what will happen to them in the political Battle of Armageddon which is to be the end of the wickedness of the Republicans. Their representatives are in absorbite above the control of the wind of the meaning themselves as small as ness of the Republicans. Their representatives are in obscurity abroad, or are making themselves as small as possible at home, or are at school. In every case they are insignificant in a political sense. They have been gravitating to that condition for years, but it is more remarkable that the Radicals, who lately were all powerful, seem to have fallen into it at once. They shrink from attacking M. Ferry on any question of internal politics, and the attack they did make on his colonial policy was in the last degree feeble and ill managed. Their chiefs, when they are asked what it is they wish to see done or prevented, answer in oracular commonplace. M. CLÉMENCEAU would like to see France governed by a representative system which is not Parliamentary, and in a general way he wants progress. M. Paul Berr retains a lively professional hatred of the priests, and he also wants lively professional hatred of the priests, and he also wants progress—daily progress, but is apparently content with a slower rate than will satisfy M. CLÉMENCEAU. With very little variation, all the speakers of the Opposition ring the changes on this phrase. They assert with one voice that the Republic must advance; but none of them can say how far or how quick, and, further, none of them care to say what constitutes the progress for which they clamour. There is no want of speakers and writers in France who are less reticent. For them progress means the disestablishment of the Church, if not the persecution of the

clergy; the introduction of the American practice of electing magistrates, and sweeping Socialistic legislation. M. Clémenceau would probably wish to stop short before arriving at this point; but, unless he uses much more definite language than he has used hitherto, he will be credited with sharing the opinions of the most extreme revolutionists. Now if there is any one thing perfectly certain in French politics it is that this party will always be crushed by force as soon as it seems likely to attain power. At the point at which things have arrived in France, M. Ferry may plausibly represent his opponents as being the enemies of property and order—not only of the richer classes and the higher ranks of the clergy, for whom the mass of Frenchmen have little sympathy; and, if once he can persuade the electors of that, he may succeed in establishing a stable Ministry. With the prospect of a losing fight before them the Radicals may well be content to wait and see whether something good for them may not come out of Tonquin.

They may not have to wait for long. Within a very few weeks something decisive must happen. The French are preparing to attack Bac Ninh in earnest. Reinforcements have arrived, the Civil Commissary, M. Harmand, has been allowed to absent himself for the present. The absence of this zealous official will leave the military officers free to do whatever they think necessary unhampered. The result of the siege cannot really alter the position in Tonquin, for it is not probable that the French will give up the enterprise if they are repulsed in a first attack, or that China will cease to offer opposition if the town falls at once. For the moment, however, both parties are waiting to see what happens, and each professes to be confident that the other will see reason in time. On the part of France M. Waddington declares his entire confidence in the approaching repentance of China. On their side, the officials of the Chinese Embassy are confident that France will be too wise to push things to extremes. Neither, however, shows the slightest sign of a disposition to yield the matter in dispute. It would require some at present unforeseen change of circumstances to induce France to draw back. With very few exceptions, no European can say with certainty how far the Chinese Government is sincere in declaring that it will not yield, or what power it has to offer an effective resistance; but it has conducted its affairs for months past with a tact and judgment which inspire confidence. In the war which now seems inevitable it may be trusted to make the most of its very strong position.

At no stage of the negotiations of the last few months has the diplomatic skill of the French Government been seen to much advantage. It has been entrapped into negotiations with subordinates, and has committed the fault of forgetting that the Marquess Tseng was not the Envoy of the Queen of Madagascar, and could not safely be treated with vulgar insolence. Just as the negotiations are coming to an end it has surpassed itself. Since Mr. Lowe delivered himself into the hands of Mr. Disraell by making an equally unfounded and impertinent statement about the Queen, no statesman has equalled the blunder committed by M. Ferry in reading M. Tricou's telegram to the Chamber. It gained its immediate object. The Chamber was surprised and delighted. M. Clémenceau was completely silenced, and forced to show that he had not made the slightest attempt to understand the position of affairs in China before he attacked the Ministry. The ultimate results, however, can scarcely be triumphant for M. Ferry. He has put it in the power of the Marquess Tseng to show either that he himself is grossly ignorant of Chinese affairs, or that his agent is at once ignorant and dishonest. The despatches of the Chinese Minister which have already been published show that he is not the man to let such an opportunity slip. He will certainly make M. Ferry pay as dearly as possible for his want of taste and judgment. In this matter, too, the opinion of the world will be wholly in favour of the Chinese diplomatist, and against the Minister who was capable of trading on the supposed weakness of China and insulting its representative to gain a party triumph. Sympathy of this kind may not be of much practical value; but it is not to be despised. It will serve to confirm the impression that France has begun a policy of high-handed aggression, and to increase the general disposition to help any Power which offers her a serious resistance.

THE BOARD OF WORKS AND THE TREASURY.

F any doubts existed in people's minds as to the central object of the recent schemes for a London Municipality, they would be dissipated by the letter of Mr. Courner, which we had occasion to notice some little time ago. Mr. FIRTH showed his hand at the meeting of the Liberal party FIRTH showed his hand at the meeting of the Liberal party before the close of the Session, and blurted out the truth which had previously lain hidden under the reforming proposals. The chief aim of the reformers is to make of two unpolitical bodies one political body. The Aldermen, and, in fact, the whole Corporation, as compared with any other municipality, say, for instance, that of Dublin or that of Paris, are essentially without political bias. The Board of Works is still more free from party feeling. Mr. Board of Works is still more free from party feeling. Mr. First and his friends, among whom Mr. Coursney must now be reckoned, want to make a great political engine of the two bodies welded into one. The Board is quite of the two bodies welded into one. The Board is quite as obnoxious to them as the Municipality. But so far it has not been found possible to attack it openly. Some years ago the cry was raised that our parochial system of government was a failure. A great central Municipality was proposed as the remedy. An eminent Conservative nobleman was induced to take up the question. It was not seen at first that the new scheme was a political manœuvre, or that, as matter of fact, no such scheme was wanted. We have since had ample time to inquire and make up our minds, and the result is that for ten men who used to advocate a change not more than one advocates it now; and since Mr. Firth's memorable admission that not the better government of London, but the creation of a machine capable of manipulation by demagogues and caucuses was the object of the reformers, even that one is not always to be found. Most of us have become convinced that we are doing exceedingly well as we are. When we go to Paris or to Dublin we do not find that either city enjoys the cleanliness or the healthiness secured here to us by the Vestries and the Board of Works. So far the attack has failed all along the line. But Mr. Countney's letter, conceived in a style worthy of Mr. Ayrton, shows that the crude views of Mr. Firth and Mr. Beal have been adopted by an important Government official—an official whose position is only short of that of a Cabinet Minister. Of course it might be suggested that Mr. Courrney's views may not be those of the chiefs of the party. We have little information on the subject, but that little is to the effect that he is actually their mouthpiece. In attacking the Board—in more than hinting that its members are dishonest place-hunters he is taking a step so serious that no one can believe that he did not count on the Ministerial support. If he had an ne did not count on the Ministerial support. If he had an immediate political object, it must have been attained at once. If he wished to make the Metropolitan Board take a party side, he succeeded. His studied insults were eminently calculated to offend even members who in another sphere of action ranked themselves among the Liberals. The letter was a first attempt to injure the Board with the public, and was promptly recognized as such by most of the members. by most of the members.

The full text of the reply made by the Board has been published this week. At the ordinary meeting on Friday week at Spring Gardens, one of the Standing Committees submitted the draft of the answer prepared for transmission to the Treasury. It was read, and, having been put to the meeting for approval, was agreed to by a majority of twenty-eight members to one. The Board admits that the Coal-duty, in appearance at least, goes to enhance the price of a commodity the cheapness of which conduces greatly to the health and well-being of the poor. But it is pointed out that, while this increase in price is infinitesimal, and weighs, if it weighs at all, on the merchant rather than the consumer, the Board is enabled by the sum it brings in to undertake and perform works which conduce more even than cheap coal to the health and well-being of the poor. The freeing of the bridges, for example, far outweighs in most people's minds the small, almost imperceptible, increase in the price of coal. The object of the Board in seeking a continuance of the duties is not so much to provide a loan security as to prevent a sudden and permanent increase of the Metropolitan Consolidated Rate. In this one sentence the whole of Mr. Courner nor for the Board, but who do care to have no fresh burdens laid upon them. The Board very pertinently points out that the relief would be given to the

Gas Companies, and still more directly to the Water Companies, not to the ordinary taxpayer. The saving effected by the Water Companies in particular through the cessation of the duty would all go to the shareholders, and the increased profit thus made would probably in a few years have to be bought back, at a cost of many years' purchase, by some representative authority on behalf of the public.

The Board disdained to answer Mr. Courney's attack on the purity of the motives of its members. But the financial aspects of the case are very clearly put forward. It was not right to include in an estimate of the responsibilities of the Board the liabilities of the local authorities who had raised money through its instrumentality. Each of these bodies had its separate powers of borrowing and its separate means of meeting its indebtedness. By borrowing through the Board they got the money on better terms for the benefit of their ratepayers. Deducting these debts, which are not properly charged to the Board, it owes, not nineteen millions, but fourteen, and its debt has increased in five years, not eight millions, but five, and of this sum three millions was incurred by the freeing of bridges and the carrying out of the provisions of the Labourers' Dwellings Act, which Parliament imposed on the Board. The answer, in short, is complete; and this, the latest, attack of Mr. Firth's followers must be held to have failed. They had better try back, and assail the City again. The general public may possibly be persuaded that there things might be improved. But as long as we derive such benefits from a microscopic duty on coal and wine, and as long as the Metropolitan Board of Works sees its way to schemes of such enormous public utility as the construction of fresh means of communication across the Thames below London Bridge, and can undertake to carry them out without any perceptible increase to the burdens already laid upon the ratepayer, we may be permitted to doubt whether even the present majority in the House of Commons will endorse Mr. Courney's proposals.

EGYPTIAN FACTS AND FANCIES.

A MONG the reasons which make the speeches at the Guildhall last night—speeches whose contents are unknown at the time these lines are written, though they will be well known before they are read—of unusual interest, the presence of M. de Lessers is not the least. Such an occasion is hardly the most convenient for an elaborate declaration of policy, but it is understood that M. DE LESSEPS proposes to lay before the various Chambers of Commerce of the country, in a tour to its most important centres, his views and intentions on this much-debated subject. Preliminary statements of a more or less formal kind have meanwhile been put forward by two parties (it would be improper to say both parties, for there are many) to the question. The shipowners and the representatives of commerce generally have had their say, and will have it again. cise objections which they make to the present tariff, rules, and administration generally of the Canal are well known, and amount to a formidable criticism of that administration. It is perfectly true that as yet scarcely anything has been done to satisfy these complaints, and that there is very little solid ground for hope of such satisfaction. But, on the whole, for reasons which have been gone into before now, and which need only at this moment to be briefly summarized, the details of the shipowners' case do not require elaborate discussion. The question is by no means a shipowners' question mainly; it is not even wholly a case of shipowners', merchants', consumers', and travellers' interests combined. The actual details of mismanagement in the Canal administration, the actual overcharges, the actual and proposed system whereby a right of way over one of the most important routes of communication in the world is made, and is to be made, to contribute the maximum of advantage to a small number of fortunate speculators, and the minimum of advantage to the world at large-are no doubt very important matters. They have been examined with a great deal of attention in these columns, and are not likely to be neglected here or elsewhere. But the unofficial statement of claim, as it may be called, which has been put forward on M. DE LESSEPS'S side does not direct itself mainly to these details. M. DE LESSEPS has not forgotten his diplomacy, and has kept clearly in sight the advantage of not descending too much to the particular.

The "Note" (for it is an additional instance of that affectation of a quasi-sovereign position which is one of

M. DE LESSER'S foibles, that he or his friends affect the language of international transactions) that appeared in the Times of Wednesday devotes, indeed, a part of its space to the consideration of the question of Canal improvement. But this part is skilfully and studiously vague. The main stress is laid, first, on the supposed rights of the share-holders; secondly, on the national susceptibilities of France; thirdly, on the indiscreet declarations of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Childens; lastly, on the supposed want of locus standi on the part of the customers of a transport Company. In making the last point M. de Lessers did not show his ordinary astuteness. For in England, at least, it is distinctly recognized that the customers of any transport Company which has had a monopoly or quasi-monopoly conferred on it by the public have a right to demand alterations of rates, extensions of facilities, and the like. M. DE LESSETS, or whoever drafted the Note, seems never to have heard of the Railway Commission. It is exactly because the position arrogated to his Company by M. DE LESSETS—a position which is all rights and no duties—is so entirely anomalous that granubling at it have arrigent in England. With present that grumblings at it have arisen in England. With regard to the shareholder plea, it is, considering the actual composi-tion of the Suez Canal proprietary, a rather unfortunate one; for it so happens that those who demand relief are, in their capacity of Englishmen, owners of nearly half the concern. For the national question, that is undoubtedly an awkward matter to handle; but it is only awkward an awkward matter to handle; but it is only awkward because it is almost impossible to speak of it without further irritating the already irritable epidermis of French susceptibility. But, as M. de Lessers himself, in a famous story, has told us how enmity to England supplied the motive spring which impelled his original subscribers to subscribe, he can hardly expect much from tenderness on the part of England towards France in return. Practically there is no ill feeling whatever to Practically, there is no ill feeling whatever towards M. DE LESSEPS here, but, on the contrary, a hearty sentiment of admiration, only occasionally tinged with a little amusement. But the less said by him and on his part of the causes and reasons of such national interest as Frenchmen take in the Suez Canal the better at the present moment. His real strength, and he knows it, is in the plea which has not yet been noticed. It is true that this strength is, logically speaking, nothing but weakness; but it has a certain sentimental validity. That there has been any declaration of his monopoly by official English authorities is indeed incorrect. The defunct Convention in itself only indirectly and obliquely recognized that monopoly, and the formal vote of the House of Commons monopoly, and the formal vote of the House of Commons by which a complaisant majority let the crestfallen Government out of the corner into which it had got itself, cancelled even that indirect, oblique, and informal recogni-tion by an express reservation of liberty of judgment. But it was of course impossible that the to this day incompre-hensible blunder of the Law Officers, and the still more incomprehensible invitation of Mr. GLADSTONE to them to commit that blunder, should not put a weapon into M. de Lessers's hand. It is not a very formidable weapon, for an opinion of Crown Law Officers has no formal validity, and the Constitution of these realms gives Mr. GLADSTONE no more right to bind them by his own expression of views on any subject than it gives to the crossing-sweeper nearest the Houses of Parliament. But, so long as the men who committed this imprudence remain in power, M. DE LESSEPS has at any rate a fair debating hold over them. More than that he has not and cannot have.

More important events and expectations have somewhat thrown into the background the remarkable poetic brochure into which (with some melody of versification, but a surely culpable stinginess of rhyme) Mr. WILFRID BLUNT has thrown his views on the Egyptian question. It is true that in no case could it have attracted much serious attention. Mr. BLUNT shows cause for comparing, as he does compare, Mr. GLADSTONE to PILATE, and it may be left to the admirers of these two personages to exclaim against the injustice done to Mr. GLADSTONE or to PONTIUS, as the case may be. He rebukes those who called him an amateur diplomatist by assuring them that he had God's commission, which shows that Mr. BLUNT does not know, or has forgotten, an amusing story of the late Dr. Wolff and an Armenian prelate. That Arabi is represented as a cross between Savonarola and Tell, and the conspiracy of the Colonels as a new Grütli compact, is natural, and might have been expected. Nor is there anything very surprising, though there is something novel and ingenious, in Mr. Blunt's statement that he would rather

have run away at Tel-el-Kebir than headed "the hottest "charge in all the record of [England's] unjust wars." The new readings given to old-fashioned virtues such as justice, valour, and the like, by persons of Mr. Blunt's political ways of thinking, have more than once formed a subject of comment, and he has unwittingly furnished the keynote of most of their conduct in affirming his hatred of England's glory. The amusing thing is that on this particular question Mr. Blunt and his friends, who think England's wars unjust, are a house divided against itself, a house in which it seems to be the fashion for one member of the family to call the other very bad names when he disagrees with him. The pamphlet is only worth notice as showing in a striking and amusing form one kind of the political insanity which is so prevalent in England on the Egyptian question. These kinds are so numerous that it must remain a standing wonder how England holds in relation to that country the still favourable posture which she occupies today. When Mr. Blunt's Pilate goes out of his way to try to make M. DE LESSEPS a present of an almost undreamt-of monopoly at the expense of this country, and when a man like Mr. Blunt (with whose vanity much cleverness and some generosity are unquestionably mixed) puts his name to nonsensical rant such as that just commented on, sensible men had need keep all their head, and fortune had need hold the balance of luck at least even, if present advantages are not to be lost.

SHAKSPEARIAN FAUNA.

WE have all heard of the dark ages and the revival of learning. Some of us know that the dark ages and the subsequent middle ages were not altogether so dark as they are commonly painted. Some of us even contrive to look back to the middle ages with regret—a regret which two or three days of thirteenth or fifteenth-century life might perhaps expel, if it were possible to administer the remedy. There is one department of knowledge, however, in which it is hardly possible to exaggerate the stagnation that prevailed throughout the middle ages, or the effect produced by the awakening of scientific activity. That department is natural history. Down to Shakspeare's time the best instructed people knew no more of the structure and habits of animals than Aristotle had known, if it be not excess of charity to give them credit for knowing as much. And it is certain that, so far from improving on Aristotle in diligent observation and accurate description, the knowledge of the middle ages had only gone backwards in those respects. Elsewhere it would be difficult to make out that ground had been positively lost. If little or nothing had been added to the theory of mechanics before Galileo, mankind were the richer by several mechanical inventions. The despised middle ages have given us clocks and windmills. If the theory of astronomy was still where Ptolemy left it, the store of observations had been materially increased. Philosophy had not really been stagnant at all, save when things were at the very worst; and the creation of the vernacular literature of Europe may well be set off against the decline or dormancy of scholarship. We may regret that classical art fell into oblivion, but it is doubtful whether mediæval art could have been produced on any other terms. An indefinite prolongation of Greco-Roman decadence would have been worse than the worst that actually happened. Thus in almost every region we find compensation of some sort. But in the sciences that deal with the organic world there was an absolute relapse into

their belief.

An amusing and not uninstructive aid towards realizing the hopelessly uncritical state into which mediaval knowledge of the animal kingdom had fallen is afforded by Miss Emma Phipson's book, entitled The Animal-Lore of Shakspeare's Time (London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1883). This is practically a cento of descriptions and allusions from writers of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, arranged according to the classification of animals used by modern zoologists. One cannot be perfectly satisfied with it as a book; it might easily have been more scholarly and more scientific, and it does not look as if much independent knowledge of any sort had been brought to bear on the matter. Still it is a useful compilation, and much of it "very pleasant" in the seventeenth-century sense. In particular we are indebted to Miss Phipson for copious extracts from one Edward Topsell, a reverend clerk of Aldersgate, who published a Historie of Four-footed Beastes in the year 1607. He was a credulous person, which is all the better for our diversion; but he was not unobservant of things that came within his own notice, for he had much understanding of the ways of cats:—

It is needlesse to spend any time about her loving nature to man, how she flattereth by rubbing her skinne against ones legges, how she whurleth

with her voyce, having as many tunes as turnes; for she hath one voice to beg and to complain, another to testifie her delight and pleasure, another among hir own kind by flattring, by hissing, by spitting, insomuch as some have thought that they have a peculiar intelligible language among themselves.

One would think that none but a real friend of cats could have written this; but unhappily there follows a monstrous and vague charge that men who have "familiarly nourished" cats have often "payed deare for their love, being requited with the losse of their health, and sometimes of their life for their friendship." Miss Phipson is unable to explain what can be meant, and so are we. Shakspeare, at all events, was not aware of the dangers of keeping a cat, or he would not have called it harmless. But lest any too enthusiastic lover of cats should take Shakspeare for an authority that no household is complete without one, we may add that in the well-known speech of Shylock "necessary" must not be assumed to mean that which one cannot do without, but is rather used, by a Latinism, in the sense of domestic or familiar.

When Topsell passed from the region of observation to that of inference, he was much less sure of his ground. He waxed indignant with "the vulgar sort of infidell people" who refused to believe in the unicorn, and confuted them in this fashion:—"But to the purpose that there is such a beast, the Scripture it selfe witnesseth, for David thus speaketh in the 92. Psalme: Et erigetur cornu meum tanquam monocerotis. That is, my horne shall bee lifted up like the horne of a unicorn; whereupon all divines that ever wrote have not onely collected that there is a unicorne," and so forth. It occurred neither to Topsell nor to his authorities to inquire what might be the real meaning of the word represented by monoceros in the Vulgate. Elsewhere in this volume we find a rationalizing doctrine put forward by Linschoten, who, after describing the rhinoceros is according to the rhinoceros is a great enemy of the elephant. The feats of the rhinoceros is a great enemy of the elephant. The feats of the rhinoceros is a great enemy of the elephant. The feats of the rhinoceros is a great enemy of the elephant. The feats of the rhinoceros is a great enemy of the elephant. The feats of the unicorn, are surpassed by those of a certain tricorn beast vouched for by Chapter XXVIII. of the Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Maundecile:—"And there ben also of other Bestes, als grete and more grettere than is a Destrere" (a charger, equus dextrarius): "and men clepen hem Locrancz (sic): and sum men clepen hem Odenthos: and their han a blak Hed and 3 longe Hornes trenchant in the Front, scharpe as a Sword; and the body is sclender. And he is a fulle felonous Best: and he chaeethe and sleethe the Olifaunt." An old woodcut of an "Odenthos" attacking the elephant, which is reproduced in Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's edition of Mandeville, we think Miss Phipson might well have given us more of him, for the book was certainly the source of a great many passages and allusions in various English works down to Shakspeare's time and later. And when Miss Ph

To come back to England, we find the former abundance of birds that are now rare, as well as the taste of our ancestors in eating them, illustrated from an account of the expenses of the judges on the Western and Oxford circuits which was published some time ago by the Camden Society. The dates are about the end of the sixteenth century:—

We do not now dress the bustard, one of which was given at Salisbury in 1600; or the heron; or the heronshawes, which came in at Salisbury, Dorchester, Exeter, and Launceston; the curlew, or the gull, or the paffin, which was a rarity met with in Cornwall alone; or the kite, cooked at Exeter. The peacock was once dressed at Chard; the swan at Winchester, Salisbury, Andover, Taunton, and two cygnets at Oxford. Turkeys, then a rare bird, were presented on the earliest circuit in Cornwall; the heathpoults, now seldom met with in the west, were sent as presents at Salisbury, Dorchester, and Stafford; and the heath-cock at Launceston.

It must have been a serious matter for the Queen's justices to be expected to eat puffin out of civility to the sheriff of Cornwall; for these fowls appear to have been in every case presents from the sheriff, who no doubt endeavoured in each case to contribute something peculiar to his own county. Hardly a less variety of fish, or fish-like creatures, was offered to the judges in the same way. They got sturgeon at Taunton, Dorchester, and Exeter, dolphin (is this the true dolphin?) at Dorchester, porpoise at Launceston, bass at Exeter and elsewhere, and dory at one or two places, besides all the sorts of fish now commonly taken on the West coast. Hake appears under the name of "a drie fish called Poor John." Herring seems to have been eaten salt, not fresh;

on which a modern member of the Western circuit would surely note quod mirum; but probably the roads and means of conveyance were so poor that herrings would then have been ancetent before they got from the sea to Launceston or Exeter. By the way, Miss Phipson tells the story of the herring being made king of the fish in a version which, though of a certain antiquity, seems to us much inferior to the simpler one in Grimm's

One thing that will much please the judicious reader will be to find here an excellent and most terrible dragon, seen by credible witnesses at "a reasonable ocular distance," early in the seventeenth century, in St. Leonard's Forest in the county of Sussex. He was about nine feet long, and it was doubted whether he were a true serpent or a dragon :

It is likewise discovered to have large feete, but the eye may be there deceived; for some suppose that serpents have no feete, but glide upon certain ribbes and scales. . . . He is of countenance very proud, and at the sight or hearing of men or cattel will raise his necke upright, and seem to listen and looke about, with great arrogancy. There are likewise on either side of him discovered two great bunches so big as a large footeball, and as some thinke will in time grow to wings; but God, I hope, will so defend the poor people in the neighbourhood that he shall be destroyed before he grow so fledge.

He will cast his venome about four rodde from him, as by woefull experience it was proved on the bodies of a man and a woman coming that way, who afterwards were found dead, being poysoned and very much swelled, but not prayed upon. Likewise a man going to chase it, and as he imagined, to destroy it with two mastive dogs, as yet not knowing the great danger of it, his dogs were both killed, and he himselfe glad to returne with haste to preserve his own life. Yet this is to be noted, that the dogs were not prayed upon, but slaine and left whole: for his food is thought to be, for the most part, in a conie-warren, which he much frequents; and it is found much scanted and impaired in the encrease it had woont to afford.

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much scanted and impaired in the encrease it had wont to afford.

This account is attested by three persons who had seen the monster, and the carrier of Horsham, "who lieth at the White Horse in Southwarke, and who can certifie the truth of all that has been here related," is further vouched to warrant it. What more evidence can any candid inquirer want? By going a little further afield Miss Phipson might have found many dragons like unto this, and "fulle felonous," in Scheuchzer's timera Alpina (a very grave scientific work, and produced under patronage and subsidy of the Royal Society); they are no less credibly attested, and figured with great care. One of the most grotesque, a catfaced creature standing up on its hind legs, was reproduced in the third volume of the Alpine Journal, by this time, unluckily, rather more difficult to obtain than Scheuchzer's book itself. But Topsell has a yet better monster, whose picture Miss Phipson gives as a frontispiece to her book. This is the Mantichora, a kind of human-headed lion, with a double or triple set of teeth. This is Topsell's description:—

This beast, or rather monster, as Ctesias writeth, is bred among the

This beast, or rather monster, as Ctesias writeth, is bred among the Indians, having a treble rowe of teeth beneath and above, whose greatnesse, roughnesse, and feete are like a lyons, his face and eares like unto a mans [even to the carefully trimmed moustachios] his eies gray, of colour rod, is tail like a scorpion of the earth, armed with a sting, casting forth sharp pointed quils, his voice like the voice of a small trumpet or pipe, being in course as swift as a hart. . . . Although India be full of divers ravening beastes, yet none of them are stiled with the title andropophagi [sie], that is to say, men eaters; except onely this mantichor.

But this fails to do justice to the portrait. As there shown, the Mantichora has a curious affinity to some of Blake's imaginations. In fact, Blake ought to have seen him in a vision as the "spiritual form" of British commercial respectability.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

AST Sunday, on the Boulevard Malesherbes, a statue to Alexandre Dumas was unveiled. In its way it is a national monument. Its erection was proposed by M. Villard, a member of the Municipal Council of Paris; the Municipality gave the site; M. Jules Ferry sent 12,000 francs from the State; there were benefit performances at certain of the theatres; Gustave Doré furnished the design and the work; and, in this way, the indifference of the general public, debauched with naturalistic art and other democratic humours, was made good, and the memorial achieved. The unveiling was, of course, an opportunity of that combination of oratory with spectacle which exercises such a potent fascination on the French mind; and Paris, though it had declined to subscribe to any great extent, was perfectly willing to crowd to see the results of the subscription. There were four thousand reserved seats; traffic was suspended along the Boulevard Malesherbes; M. About spoke, so did M. Villard, so did the indefatigable M. Jules Claretie. It would have been good to record the presence of one or other of the "vaillants de dix-huit cent trente." But, as their poet has sung of them:— But, as their poet has sung of them:-

Comme les pirates d'Otrante, Nous étions cent, nous sommes dix.

Of the desperate legion-

Qui se ruait vers le théâtre . Quand d'Hernani sonnait le cor-

who applauded Antony and Henri Trois et sa Cour, but a very few remain; and they are grown feeble and full of days, the shadows of their old selves. Frédérick is gone, and Bocage and Dorval; George Sand—like Jonathan Wild—is "with Platos and Cæsars";

Delacroix has long since ceased to "sentir le soufre," and Ingres to talk of Rubens as the "génie du mal"; Balzac, in the grave these thirty years and more, is one with Pétrus Borel; and Célestin, and Monpou the wild musician, and Musset the sweetest of poets, and Gautier of the Crimson Vest, and Berlioz, the man of many trumpets—an end has come upon them all. Autant en emporte ly vens; the wind carries them all away. Only M. Hugo is left afoot, to tell of past victories and reminic us of the battle of heroes it was his to lead. But, for some reison or other, M. Hugo was absent, like the others; and the bronze presentment of his old rival and brother-in-arms was made over to the world without him. the world without him.

the world without him.

The statue, which is excellent as portraiture, gives us Dumas in his habit as he worked—in shirt-sleeves and stocking-drawers. His son—who sat to Doré for the attitude and the gesture of the neck—suggested the costume, and one is glad to be grateful to him for the suggestion. He is seated, a smile on his face, as if he had just done working and were content with his work. On the base are a couple of reliefs. In one, writes M. Claretie, is "un groupe de lecteurs, hommes, femmes, lisant un de ces livres de Dumas que tout le monde peut lire sans rougir, tandis qu'un ouvrier, un illettré, écoute, ravi par les récits du charmeur"; and, in the other. "comme veillant sur la gloire de son maître, un mousin the other, "comme veillant sur la gloire de son maître, un mous-quetaire, assis, sa loyale épée en main." The design, as we have said, is Gustave Dore's. Its story is pleasant in no mean degree. It is, moreover, so honourable to the artist that we shall venture eat it. It appears that, when the project of a memorial to to repeat it. Dumas was Paul Dubois, M. Dubois, however, was busy with a masterpiece for Chantilly; and the utmost he could do was to offer to divide for Chantilly; and the utmost he could do was to offer to divide the work among his pupils. The first idea, says M. Jules Claretie, was to make the memorial a kind of fellow to the Scott Monument in Edinburgh. There were objections to this, and objections to the idea of a divided authorship as well; and the end of it was that Doré was asked if he, so rich in imaginings, could not imagine something better. He accepted the commission with delight, and a day or two afterwards he brought to M. Dumas fils the design we have described. It was received with acclamations. "Eh, bien!" said the artist, "il me reste maintenant un service à vous demander; c'est d'exécuter moi-même, tout seul, et pour à vous demander; c'est d'exécuter moi-même, tout seul, et pour rien, ce monument et cette statue." The offer was in Dumas's à vous demander; c'est d'exécuter moi-même, tout seul, et pour rien, ce monument et cette statue." The offer was in Dumas's own vein; the argument by which it was supported is Doré's. "On m'a tant reproché," he added, "d'être un trop bouillant inventeur; je voudrais payer ma dette au plus étonnant inventeur de ce siècle." Of course the offer was accepted. It is fortunate, we think, that it was. The design is eminently happy and appropriate; we doubt if it could have been surpassed by M. Paul Dubois, or his pupils either; and though a "Dumas" by the artist of the "Connétable" would assuredly have been far better sculpture than a "Dumas" by Doré, it is by no means certain that so much could have been said of a "Dumas" by his pupils. The monument, we should add, was Doré's last work. He was enchanted to think that he would be represented by a great bronze in mid Paris; and he wrought at his "Dumas" with all the vigour and intensity of which he was capable. He died a week before it came from the founder's; but he has his reward. While the monument remains, his name and fame will shine in conjunction with the name and fame of Alexandre Dumas—of one, that is to say, of the heroes of modern art.

That this is so is growing more apparent year by year. Envy and scandal have done their worst now. The libeller has said his say; the detectives who make a specialty of literary forgeries have proved their cases one and all; the judges of matter have spoken, and so have the critics of style; the distinguished author of Nana has taken us into his confidence on the subject, and we have heard

and so have the critics of style; the distinguished author of Nena has taken us into his confidence on the subject, and we have heard has taken us into his confidence on the subject, and we have heard from the lamented Granier de Cassagnac and others as much as was to be heard on the question of plagiarism in general and the plagiarisms of Dumas in particular. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has done what he is accurate enough to call "the nightman's work" of analysing Antony and Kean, and of collecting everything that spite has said about their author's life, their author's habits, their author's manners and customs and character; of his vanity, reproducity impropries. mendacity, immorality, and a score of improper qualities more, enough has been written to furnish a good-sized library. And the result of it all is that Dumas is recognized for a force in modern art, and for one of the greatest inventors and amusers the modern art, and for one of the greatest inventors and amusers the century has produced, A score of men were named as the real authors of his works; but they were only readable when he signed for them. His ideas were traced to a hundred originals; but they had all seemed worthless till he took them in hand and developed them according to their innate capacity. The French he wrote was popular, and the style at his command was not of the loftiest, as his critics have often been at pains to show; but he was for all that an artist at once original and exemplary, with an incomparable capacity of selection, a constructive faculty not equalled among the men of this century, with an understanding of what is right and what is wrong in art and a mastery of his materials which in their way are not to be paralleled in the work of Walter Scott himself. Like Napoleon, he was "a natural force let loose"; and, if he had done no more than achieve universal renown as the prince of raconteurs, and a commanding position as a novelist wherever novels are read, he would have done much. But he did a great deal more than this. A natural force, he wrought in the right direction, as natural forces must and do. He has amused the world for fifty years and more; but he has also contributed something to the general sum of the world's artistic experience and capacity, and his contribution is of permanent value. He has left us stories which are models of the enchanting art of narrative; and, with a definition good and comprehensive enough to include all the best work which has been produced for the theatre from Aschylus down to Augier, from the Choephoræ down to Le Mariage d'Olympe, he has given us, in plays of his own, types of the romantic and the modern dramas which, new when he produced them, are even now not old, and which, as regards their essentials, have not yet been superseded or even improved upon. The form and aim of the modern drama, as we know it, have been often enough ascribed to the ingenious author of Une Chaine and the Verre d'Eau: but they might, with much greater truth, be ascribed to the author of Antony and La Tour de Nesle. Scribe invents and cludes where Dumas invents and dares. The theory of Scribe is one of mere dexterity—his drama is a perpetual chassé-croisé at the edge of a precipice, a dance of puppets among swords that might but will not cut and eggs that might but will not cut and eggs that might but will not cut and eggs that might but will not break; to him a situation is a kind of tightrope to be crossed with ever so much agility and an endless affectation of peril by all his characters in turn; he is, in fact, as M. Dumas fils has said of him, "le Shakespeare des ombres chinoises." The theory of Dumas is the very reverse of all this. "All that I want," he said in a memorable comparison between himself and Hugo, "is four trestles, two boards, two actors, and a passion"; and his good plays are a proof that in this he spoke no more than the truth. Drama to him was so much emotion in action. If he invented a situation, he accepted its issues in their entirety, and did his utmost to express from it all the passion it contained. That he fails to reach the highest peaks of emotional effect is no fault of his; to do so, somethin

And if these greater and loftier pretensions be still contested; if the theory of the gifted creature who wrote of Dorés "Dumas"—that the works of the great wizard are "like summer fruits brought forth abundantly in the full blaze of sunshine, which do not keep"—if this preposterous fantasy be generally accepted, there will yet be much in Dumas to venerate and love. If Antony were of no more account than an ephemeral burlesque; if the immortal trilogy of the Musketeers—that "epic of friendship," as it has well been called—were dead as morality and as literature alike; if it were nothing to have re-cast the novel of adventure, formulated the modern drama, and perfected the drama of romance; if to have sent all France to the theatre to see in action the stories of Chicot, Edmond Dantès, D'Artagnan, which it knew by heart from books, were an achievement within the reach of every scribbler who dabbles in letters; if all this were true, and Dumas were merely a piece of human journalism, produced for to-day and dead to-morrow, there would still be enough of him to make him worthy a statue. He was a prodigy—of amiability, cleverness, energy, daring, charm, industry—if he was nothing else. Gronow tells us that he has been at table with Dumas and Brougham, and that Brougham, out-talked and out-faced, was forced to retire from the conversation. "J'ai conservé," says M. Maxime du Camp, in his admirable Souvenirs Littéraires, "d'Alexandre Dumas un souvenir ineffaçable; malgró un certain laisser-aller qui tenait à l'exubérance de sa nature, c'était un homme dont tous les sentiments étaient élevés. On a été injuste pour lui; comme il avait énormément d'esprit, on l'a accusé d'être léger; comme il produisait avec une facilité incroyable, on l'a accusé de manquer de tenue. Ces reproches m'ont toujours paru misérables." This is much; but it is not nearly all. He had, this independent witness goes on to note, "une générosité naturelle qui comptait jamais; il ressemblait à une corne d'abondance qui se vide sans cesse dans les mai

the royal old prodigal in his last illness, "que je suis au sommet d'un monument qui tremble comme si les fondations étaient assises sur le sable." "Sois en paix," replied the author of the Demi-Monde; "le monument est bien bâti et la base est solide." He was right, as we know. It is good and fitting that Dumas should have a monument in the Paris he amazed and delighted and amused so long. But he could have done without one. Ere he died he had built one for himself in the hearts of his many friends and his innumerable readers.

MYSTERY-MONGERING.

MESMERISM has long been the stand-by of the contemporary mystery-monger. Now, more than ever, when science is lighting up the shadiest places, and forcing recognition everywhere, must the true lovers of the occult defend their cherished idol, and descend into the arena of conflict with the sceptics, seemingly equipped with weapons such as theirs, but ready also with plenty of verbal dust to confuse the vision of the judges. The modern mystic, indeed, of whatever colour he may be, must masquerade in scientific clothes, and not one of the departments of "psychical" research provides so rich a wardrobe as Mesmerism or Animal Magnetism. "Thought-reading" may be annihilated almost without an effort, and "Haunted Houses" may totter and fall at the first assault; but there is a solid foundation of fact deeply underlying the alien and flimsy superstructure of Mesmerism, which, on the one hand, the scientific man of course admits and explains, and, on the other, the mystic faithfully preserves, cunningly professing the while that foundation and superstructure are the same in substance. The facts of hypnotism, or induced somnambulism, are well known to physiologists, being parallel, moreover, to those which occur in certain spontaneous conditions of nervous subjects, and the explanation implied in these terms is allowed by the most modern apologists of mesmerism to be largely true, and to cover with a little straining nearly all mesmeric phenomena. But there is a residuum of fact in mesmerism, say these last, that necessitates the hypothesis of a hitherto unknown manifestation of force. The difference between superstition and science on this matter may thus at first sight seem to be a small one, and more of degree than kind; but a little inspection will show that it is wide and important. Only force the mystic to define his terms and classify his phenomena—an operation he does not readily perform—and have a clear understanding with him where hypnotism ends as an explanatory agent, and the sphere of mesmerism to falsely d

The physiologist holds that some of the phenomena ranked under mesmerism are genuine and comparable to certain natural states, but that none exist to justify the supposition of any unknown force or effluence, most mesmeric manifestations of a certain sort being entirely due to individual or collusive fraud. For most of the facts alleged are of such a nature that it is infinitely more probable that all connected with them, both actors and reporters, are deliberate impostors, than that they should themselves be true. But the mystics refuse this logical standpoint, and argue, tacitly or openly, that the same amount and kind of evidence is valid both for the commonplace and for the unknown. An amusing instance of an inappropriate retort owing to a misunderstanding of these opposite points of view is given in a recent correspondence between Mr. Gurney, the part writer of an article on Mesmerism in the October number of the Nineteenth Century, and a critic in the Medical Times. The critic argues that the mesmeric phenomena detailed were in all probability due to fraud, and states that there is a close connexion between true hypnotism and disease; but Mr. Gurney boldly ignores the possibility of fraud on the part of his subjects, and naïvely replies to his critic that, so far from being diseased, his medium is an "extremely vigorous and contented young tradesman." It may be roughly said that the phenomena of so-called mesmerism which have long been familiar to all, and have from time to time excited the public mind, are mainly represented by actions performed by one person apparently under the influence of another, the subject being, for the most part, thrown into a more or less unconscious condition, and often alleged to be beyond the reach of any known means of communication by the senses. These phenomena, compounded of the true and the absolutely false, have been treated by different minds and methods. Science has sifted the alleged facts, and ascribed, with a large share of success, the established residuum to int

have been completely explained or explained away. It is perhaps useless for these two classes of mind to seek for common ground; the ways of the scientific inquirer and the "psychical" researcher can never meet; they cannot argue, or experiment in common. The former, in his search for truth, is content to explain by simplification, and proceed from the unknown to the known, while the latter practically proclaims that nothing can be known at all. The scientific reasoner rests on the surest basis of the greatest pro-

the latter practically proclaims that nothing can be known at all. The scientific reasoner rests on the surest basis of the greatest probability; while to his opponent, with the quibble on his lips that probability is not certainty, the most rigid demonstration appears a trifle light as air, or even no probability at all.

To those who wish to get at the truth about mesmerism, or, in other words, to know what are facts and what are not, and how the facts are best explained, a large amount of information is ready to hand. The careful study of the alleged phenomena by those who are alone qualified to report on them has over and over again. to hand. The careful study of the alleged phenomena by those who are alone qualified to report on them has over and over again negatived all shadow of evidence that a person in the state called hypnotism, somnambulism, or mesmerism, has any power whatever of being influenced in any way by another to perform specific actions, all possibibility of previous hints or impressions being excluded, while demonstrably apart from all methods of communication by the senses. That in many states the mind may act abnormally most are aware, and spontaneous counterparts are found in disease to the real phenomena of hypnotism. Artificial somnambulism, indeed, is practically undistinguishable from the somnambulism which is called disease; and it is mainly true to regard the which is called disease; and it is mainly true to regard the psychological fields of these phenomena as identical. In this state the brain acts, as it were, fitfully; some of its functions sleep while others wake, and in various combinations the actions of the senses are either heightened, or lowered, or apparently for a time abolished. But in no instance of this artificial somnambulism (whether induced after the method of Braid and others by five abolished. But in no instance of this artificial somnambulism (whether induced after the method of Braid and others, by fixation of the patient's gaze, or by the so-called mesueric passes, or in any other manner) that has been admitted to be genuine has there been any justification for supposing a special effluence from the operator; and innumerable counter-experiments have been made on hypnotic subjects who have promptly fallen into this condition from merely believing that some force was being exerted. "Mesmerized" water has been unknowingly drunk without effect: while water only believed to be mesmerized has induced the desired state of sleep. Every hypnotic phenomenon can be more or less obviously referred to modified conditions of the nervous system, and to abnormal reaction or response to suggestions and other stimuli from without. Illustrations of this of the nervous system, and to abnormal reaction or response to suggestions and other stimuli from without. Illustrations of this are not far to seek. We know that lunatics, out of harmony as they are with their environment, often imagine themselves to be other people, especially kings and queens. So do the subjects of hypnotism at the suggestion of external surroundings; in the one case the morbid condition is temporary, in the other often permanent. It is not easy always to draw the line between what is called nervousness and insanity. Hysterics, too, like hypnotics, may suffer from heightened or lost sensations, and both may become "cataleptic," or be paralysed. Again, an educated man after a severe illness recovers with a total loss of hearing and taste, and of memory for recent events, but otherwise rational, and without any delusion, except those which might naturally depend on these deprivations. He drinks toast and water day by day, and calls it whisky. Such a man, as might be said by Dr. Carpenter, whose admirable writings on this subject may be regarded as the most clear and comprehensive that have appeared—such a man whose admirable writings on this subject may be regarded as the most clear and comprehensive that have appeared—such a man "tastes with his mind." The explanation, then, of these phenomena is to be sought not in the person of the mesmerizer or operator, or in any unknown force; but in the subject "mesmerized." It is notorious that not every one can be acted on by hypnotism; and it is this personal element which has greatly prevented the wider application of this method of producing senselessness in the case of surgical operations. But on this substratum of genuine hypnotic phenomena, strange undoubtedly to many, but not unfamiliar to the medical observer, has grown up the popular notion of mesmerism, or specific mental doubtedly to many, but not unfamiliar to the medical observer, has grown up the popular notion of mesmerism, or specific mental communication without the intervention of the senses, overlaid by, or indeed composed of, an untold quantity of buffoonery and deceit. The line to be drawn between hypnotism and mesmerism must be hard and fast. Collusion and imposture are known to be active elements in most that is called mesmerism; this is, indeed, largely admitted by the believers themselves; the truth-seeker, therefore, must rigorously deny the genuineness of all phenomena of this kind when there is any possibility of the existence of a more familiar cause than a new or "psychic" force. force

Messrs. Myers and Gurney, the writers of the article on mes-merism above referred to, in common with all who have taken the same line, seem desirous of establishing the occult at all risks to themselves and to the accredited methods of investigation. They cannot, or will not, see that science has nothing to do with "wonders" as such. There is nothing new in their allegations; "wonders" as such. There is nothing new in their allegations; their facts are but a repetition of hosts of others which have been exploded, following in many respects a stock and stereotyped programme; nor does their most plausible defence of mesmerism invest the subject with more probability or light than did the letters of Dr. Gregory on animal magnetism more than thirty years ago. The Doctor indeed begins his book with praiseworthy caution and coolness, and justifies the study of mesmerism by stating (though certainly not in accordance with fact) that all its phenomena have occurred spontaneously, without any artificial process whatever. But towards the end we find him ecstatically raving thus:—"I have been informed on good authority that round or oval masses of glass are made in England, and sold for the purposes of divination. The persons who sell them perform a certain process which they say is necessary to their virtue. It is probably a process of magnetization. The purchaser is directed to gaze into the crystal, concentrating her thoughts on the person she resolves to see. She then sees her lover. Now I believe that by the gazing and concentration of her thoughts, aided by the odylic influence of the glass, she may be rendered more or less lucid, and thus see or dream of the absent person"! What is to be the end of the pseudo-scientific proceedings of our modern Psychics? Their position as advocates of other marvellous phenomena is significant, as illustrating the confusion which has been the strength of the common belief in the unsifted phenomena of mesmerism en masse. Spiritualism and mesmerism derive aid and support from each other. Mesmerism in the lips of the Spiritualist is the half-truth which is always the worst of lies. The small truth in mesmerism lends apparent weight to the psychic force, which is invented to account for the material manifestations of spirits in the seance room; and this material proof of the immaterial in its turn is called on to help the inquirer to swallow the absurdities of ultra-mesmerism. In this curious coupling of unrelated things, this artificial alliance of conjuring with nervous disease, is to be seen some explanation of the confusion or connexion in the popular mind of the appearance of "John King" and "Peter" to the Spiritualseen some explanation of the confusion or connexion in the popular mind of the appearance of "John King" and "Peter" to the Spiritualists, with some of the ordinary phenomena of hysteria, catalepsy, and somnambulism, attributed, as they are, to mesmeric effluence. The somnambulism, attributed, as they are, to meameric effluence. The common element of mesmerism and Spiritualism, and it is indeed a large one, is really fraud, and fraud alone. Of what remains, the genuine fact of hypnotism, it must be repeated that it is amply recognized by scientific observers. Esdaile in India, too, and Broca in France operated by aid of its anæsthetic influence, though further experience caused it to be discarded. But, since the work of Braid and the lucid expositions of Carpenter, little if anything has been added to our knowledge of the matter, excent by the constant experiments made by discare itself. except by the constant experiments made by disease itself.

The new cases of mesmerism detailed by the writers in the

The new cases of mesmerism detailed by the writers in the Nineteenth Century are open to very obvious criticism, when taken as they stand. But one fact is of considerable interest—namely, that the human subjects used in the "mesmeric" experiments and in some of the "thought-reading" investigations of the Psychical Research Society were the same. Before one Committee, devoted to thought-reading, a man and a youth apparently performed the wonders of diagram-drawing, and other feats of "mental action at a distance," without the invocation of the mesmeric force; for was not the Committee investigat ; "thought-transference," pure and simple? But when the inquiring gentlemen chose to resolve themselves into a Committee on Mesmerism, Mr. action at a distance," without the invocation of the mesmeric force; for was not the Committee investigat r "thought-transference," pure and simple? But, when the inquiring gentlemen chose to resolve themselves into a Committee on Mesmerism, Mr. Wells, the medium, was mesmerized by Mr. Smith, the new "business" done being not altogether unlike the old. In the one case they were merely "agent and percipient"; in the other "mesmeriser and sensitive." Surely this method looks strangely like a desire to get results of a certain kind, at all hazards. But perhaps the powers of Messis. Smith and Wells have been metamorphosed, and will ultimately fade away, before being submitted to more general scrutiny, such as at least on one occasion is said to have checked their vigour; for we see from the reports of the Psychical Research Society that the thought-reading faculty of even the famous Creery family is now on the wane. Strangely enough, this explanation of failures is constantly given in the Spiritualistic seance-room, when careful provisions against fraud have been made and rigid tests applied. It is one of those plausible, convenient, gratuitous, and meaningless theories which are all powerful for "hedging," and closely allied to the purely imaginary notion of the danger of "cross-mesmerization," or interference of another with the mesmerized subject, such interference being often a ready means of detecting fraud when fraud exists.

To contend against these thrice-exploded superstitions may seen

fraud exists.

To contend against these thrice-exploded superstitions may seem to some like fighting shadows; but a denial even that two and two make four, when hidden under pseudo-scientific language and a show of formal logic, may be sufficiently dangerous to render some reply desirable. It is, however, the believers in "mesmerism" and such-like "phenomena," whom it is mainly important to study and useful to dissect. "Of late," says the writer in the Medical Times above quoted, "we have had only sporadic cases of mesmeric disorder, and these have been of a mild type. The acute stage of the malady is past, and it is now mesmerismus chronicus stage of the malady is past, and it is now mesmerismus chronicus that has to be dealt with. It may be feared, perhaps, that an acute exacerbation will follow the action of the Psychical Research acute exacerbation will follow the action of the Psychical Research Society in bringing it again into prominence; but a word of judicious warning may prevent any evil of this kind, and it is in the hope of counteracting the mischievous tendencies of the renewed agitation that we now refer to the subject." Even imposture itself has an interesting natural history. Nor is this matter confined entirely to the elucidation of truth or the demolition of speculative absurdities; for in far the largest number of cases the induction of the nervous state called "hypnotic" or "mesmeric" is followed by evil to its subjects, too often already disposed to disease, and is frequently attended by serious, and sometimes lastingly harmful, results to their physical, moral, and intellectual nature.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

TN his Outlines of the Life of Shakspeare Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, explaining the change of name from Oldcastle to Falstaff, observes that the latter is probably one of the few names invented by the poet. Few of those who give any thought to such things are probably now disposed to agree with Malone that there are no grounds for supposing the fat knight ever to have figured under the name of the great champion of the Lollards; and that when in the epilogue to the Second Part of Henry IV. Shakspeare wrote "Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions, for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man," he was only expressing his surprise and annoyance at a report that his "inimitable character was meant to throw an imputation on the memory of Lord Cobham." He would be a bold man indeed who should venture to pronounce final sentence on any of these vexed questions; but Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps has certainly in his pamphlet On the Character of Sir John Falstaff shown us very sound grounds for believing that Shakspeare, borrowing as his wont was, from an old play, The History of the Famous Victories of King Henry V., did call his knight first Sir John Oldcastle, and did, at the command of Elizabeth, acting on the suggestions of the the command of Elizabeth, acting on the suggestions of the Cobhams of that day, afterwards change the name to Falstaff. The

Henry V., did call his knight first Sir John Oldeastle, and did, at the command of Elizabeth, acting on the suggestions of the Cobhams of that day, afterwards change the name to Falstaff. The disclaimer in the epilogue, therefore, instead of being a real expression of pain, as Malone calls it, at supposing he could have been thought guilty of holding up to ridicule so distinguished a champion of the reformed religion, was probably no more than an ingenious artifice to ward off the resentment of a powerful family, as well as to make that appear a gratuitous recognition of propriety which was in reality obedience to a royal command.

On the other hand, it is perhaps still more certain that Shakspeare did not invent the name of Falstaff. The Sir John Fastolfe, mentioned in the First Part of Henry VI. ashaving played the coward at the battle of Patay, was an historical character, though his cowardice, reported by both Hall and Holinshed on some French authority, is certainly not proved by history. The name is spelt in various ways, as was the fashion of those times—Fastolfe, Fastolffe, Fastolff, Fastolph, and Falstaff, the last being, indeed, the form adopted by that grave and reverend writer Dr. Lingard. It is true that the two characters, the historical and the poetical, have very little in common; one of the few points of similarity, after the Christian name, being that the real Sir John was, according to his biographer Gough (Biographia Britannica), the proprietor of a certain Boar's Head in Southwark, the revenue whereof he bestowed upon Magdalen College, Oxford, in whose statutes his name finds honourable mention. But Shakspeare, having to cast about for another name, and finding a Sir John branded in his chief historical authority as having played the coward at one of the battles of the time, no doubt thought that quite good enough for his purpose. What was the character of the real man he probably neither knew nor cared. That he had no intention of representing him is pretty clearly proved, if any proof wer without a Fastolf there had been no Falstaff seems to us no less clear. Such, at any rate, was a pretty general opinion during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Dr. Heylin, in his Saint George for England, says:—"This Sir John Fastolfe was without doubt a valiant and wise captain, notwithstanding the stage hath made merry with him"; and Fuller, in his Worthies of England, has a passage to much the same effect; "to avouch him by many arguments valiant is to maintain that the sun is bright, though, since the stage hath been overbold with his memory, making him a thrasonical puff and emblem of mock valour. Nor," he goes on, "is our comedian excusable by some alteration of his name, writing him Sir John Falstafe, and making him the property of pleasure for King Henry V. to abuse, seeing the vicinity of sounds intrench on the memory of that worthy knight, and few do heed the inconsiderable difference in spelling of their name." Gough, too, is at considerable pains to disprove any personal similarity between the two. Fastolf was, in truth, a common name enough at that time, and was spelt, as

spelling of their name." Gough, too, is at considerable pains to disprove any personal similarity between the two. Fastolf was, in truth, a common name enough at that time, and was spelt, as we have seen, in all manner of ways. That Shakspeare took the name of his immortal Sir John from a real mortal is surely pretty clear, though Sir John Fastolf probably no more sat to him for the portrait of Sir John Fastolf probably no more sat to him for the portrait of Sir John Falstaff than did Lord Bardolph, or Sir William Bardolph, Governor of Calais, for the portrait of Falstaff's boon companion who was hanged for stealing a "pax."

The real Sir John was, in truth, a very different personage from the poet's fat knight. It is very possible that had it not been for Shakspeare his merits would never have been so minutely chronicled; but not the less was he a very considerable personage in his day, being indeed one of the most famous of the English knights who won their spurs in the French wars. He came of an old and honourable family who had been settled in Norfolk long before the Conquest, one of his ancestors, it is said, having been Master of the Mint under Saxon Edgar. In Edward III.s reign, the chief branch of the family were living at Castor, about four miles from Great Yarmouth; and there, probably in the year 1377, our Sir John was born. His father, well known in Yarmouth for his pious and charitable life, having died before he came of age, he was entrusted, after the fashion of the time, to

the care of John, Duke of Bedford, afterwards the famous English Regent of France. According to some, however, Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, was his guardian. If this were so, and it seems to rest on no better authority than Justice Shallow (Henry IV. Part II. Act iii. sc. 2), young Fastolf can have been with him but a very short time, for Norfolk was banished in 1398. In 1401 the Duke of Clarence, Henry IV.'s second son, went to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant, and Gough believes that Fastolf went with him. In 1408, when the Duke was again in Ireland, Fastolf was certainly there; for in that year he married Milicent, daughter of Robert Tibetot, and widow of Sir Stephen Scroop, who had acted as Deputy-Lieutenant during the Duke's absence in England. The lady had some property of her own in Wiltshire and Yorkshire, and her husband settled on her 1001. a year as pinmoney for life, no inconsiderable dowry for those times. How he passed the next four years we do not know, but we may fairly conclude he did not pass them in the company of Pistol and Bardolph and Doll Tearsheet, for in 1412 he was selected for an important post in the army of occupation in France.

When Henry V. sailed for Harfleur in August 1415, Fastolf, though only an eequire, furnished a contingent of ten men-atarms and thirty archers. He was chosen for Lieutenant of the garrison under Dorset after the town had submitted, yet he seems to have been at Agincourt, and there to have taken prisoner some great French lord, with whose ransom he afterwards built his castle of Castor. It could have been neither D'Alençon nor Bar, as some have said, for both were killed on that day. But that at some time he did make prize of some famous personage seems clear from a passage in the Polyolbion, whether Drayton be right in the name or not. Sounding the praises of the famous Sir Philip Hall, one of the heroes of Cressy, the poet says: the care of John, Duke of Bedford, afterwards the famous Eng-

Strong Fastolff with this man compare we may; By Sal'sbury who oft being seriously employed, In many a brave attempt the general foe annoyed; With excellent success in Maine and Anjou fought; And many a bulwark there into our keeping brought; And chosen to go forth with Vaudemont in war Most resolutely took proud Renate, Duke of Barre.

And chosen to go forth with Vaudemont in war Most resolutely took proud Renate, Duke of Barre.

Every year now added to his laurels. He received the honour of knighthood in 1416, and the manor of Friteuse, near Harfleur, increased two years later by that of Bec Crispin, which he had won with his own hand. In 1423 his patron and firm friend, the Regent Bedford, made him Grand Master of his Household, and in the following year promoted him to be Regent of Normandy and Governor of Anjou and Maine. His most notable feat, however, was done at the famous "Battle of Herrings." The English were then besieging Orleans; and being in sore strait for provisions, Sir John was sent off to the Regent at Paris for supplies. He got these, and, luckily for him, a strong guard to boot, for on his way back he was met near Rouvrai by a force more than double his own, and containing, moreover, a strong body of those stout Scottish mercenaries then serving under the French flag. The action was delayed some time by a dispute between the French and Scotch leaders as to the best method of attack; and meanwhile Sir John made a laager, as we should say now, of his provision waggons, posting his archers at each opening. When the attack did come it was the story of Agincourt over again; neither French nor Scotch could face the English arrows; they fled in confusion, leaving six hundred dead upon the field, and Sir John carried his precious convoy with triumph into camp. As it was Lent when this victory was won—on February 12th, 1429—a large part of the supplies consisted of fish; hence the quaint name by which the action is known among the French chroniclers, who chose, as Sir John's biographer says, to attribute their defeat "to the interception of the dead fish rather than the intrepidity of their living foes."

Shortly after this the famous Maid appeared upon the scene, and their living foes

their living foes."

Shortly after this the famous Maid appeared upon the scene, and the English in their turn became the besieged. One by one their forts fell into the hands of the reinspirited French. The siege of Orleans was raised. Suffolk himself was made a prisoner, and Talbot, who succeeded him in the command, shared the same fate at Patay. Here it was that Sir John Fastolf incurred that imputation of cowardice which Shakspeare, following Holinshed. has fixed on him. For his conduct in this battle he is said to have been condemned to forfeit the Garter, which had been recently bestowed on him for his brilliant services. But at the worst he seems to have done no more than to represent to Talbot that to offer battle with men so disheartened and worn as the worst he seems to have done no more than to represent to Talbot that to offer battle with men so disheartened and worn as the English then were was to ensure certain defeat, and to have withdrawn his own troops to Paris when he found his remonstrances unavailing. At any rate, the Regent was fully satisfied with his explanations; none of his honours were taken from him; in 1430 he was appointed Governor of Caen, and the year after was sent as one of the English envoys to the Council at Basle. After Bedford's death he continued in his government of Normandy till 1440, and then, being sixty-three years old, thirty of which had been passed in hard and continuous foreign service, he resigned his commands and retired to his own country.

had been passed in hard and continuous foreign service, he resigned his commands and retired to his own country.

He was now a rich man, and he spent his riches royally. In a manuscript of the time he is styled "a grete bilder," and he seems to have deserved the name. His castle of Castor, said to have been designed on the French model by one of his prisoners, was one of the first considerable brick buildings raised in England since the Roman occupation. It is still a noble ruin, every care having been taken to preserve it by the present owner, a descendant of those Norman Gournays into whose hands the manor

came on the partition of the Conquest. Besides this, he built himself a house at Yarmouth, another at Norwich, and a princely palace at Southwark. Between these places he passed the rest of his life, and "laden," writes his biographer, "with the laurels he had gathered in France, raised a new plantation of them in his native country, where he shone as bright in virtue as he had in valour, and became as illustrious in his domestic as he had been in his foreign character." The Paston Letters show him indeed to have been a bit of a martinet, determined to have his lawful dues, and ruling his tenants with a domestic as he had been in his foreign character." The Paston Letters show him indeed to have been a bit of a martinet, determined to have his lawful dues, and ruling his tenants with a strong, though just, hand. One of these letters, written after Sir John's death to his executor, John Paston, by one of his servingmen, contains a curious picture of Jack Cade's rising. The man was sent out, it appears, by his master, then at his house in Southwark, as a scout to Blackheath. He was taken prisoner, and rather roughly handled, as the spy of the "greatest traitor that was in England or France," who had been the cause of "the losing of all the King's title and right of inheritance that he had beyond the sea," and had moreover furnished his house at Southwark with all the weapons of war he had brought from France for the express purpose of staying these "Comens of Kent." From this it would seem that the story of Sir John's defection at Patay was more generally believed in England than his biographer allows; though, no doubt, there was but little sympathy between a mob of discontented artisans and peasants and a man who had been storming towns and leading armies for upwards of thirty years. He did not spend his money, however, only on the adornment of his own estate. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the towns of Norwich and Yarmouth, were helped largely by his munificence; shortly before his death he founded at Castor a sumber his own estate. The Universities of Uxiora and Cambridge, the towns of Norwich and Yarmouth, were helped largely by his munificence; shortly before his death he founded at Castor a munificence; shortly before his death he same number munificence; shortly before his death he founded at Castor a house for seven priests and also a hospital for the same number of poor men; and by his will he left considerable sums to be expended on various charitable purposes. He died November 6th, 1459, at the venerable age of eighty-two, and was laid by the side of his wife in the chapel he himself had built in the abbey church of St. Bennett at the Holm in Norwich, one of the many which about a hundred years later went down in the riot of the English Reformation. Neither in life or death was there much in common between this meanificent knight, and that other who English Reformation. English Reformation. Neither in life or death was there much in common between this magnificent knight and that other who made his melancholy end at a tavern in Eastcheap, with one poor rogue to speak his epitaph—"Would I were with him, wheresome er he is, either in heaven or in hell!"

THE GERMAN PASTOR'S SON.

THE German clergyman's sons occupy a somewhat anomalous position in the village. In their early years they wear the garb and share the lessons, play, and homely fare of the other children; but they soon find, not a little to their discomfort, that unusual gifts and snare the lessons, play, and a lonley have of the other children; but they soon find, not a little to their discomfort, that unusual gifts and graces are expected of them. If they come to school with tasks undone, or display any of the frivolity or dulness to which our youth is liable, the schoolmaster, who is not improbably the leader of the village opposition to its spiritual guide, is pretty sure to remind them of their ancestry in a way by no means flattering to their personal vanity, and at home, if they plead the example of their companions as an excuse for a piece of naughtiness, their mother will bid them remember that they are not the offspring of peasants. Their schoolfellows are not long in discovering that if they are caught in a prank, and the clergyman's son is among their number, public indignation will be concentrated upon him, and they will escape with comparative ease; and so his society is cultivated when any deed of unusual daring or atrocity is contemplated, though he is never allowed to give himself airs. He has one advantage which might seem to make full amends for his trials and difficulties; the prettiest little girls in the village are sure to be in love with him; but such child loves as that which has been so charmingly described in Vice Versá are not common in a German village; school opinion condemns them, and in all

sure to be in love with him; but such child loves as that which has been so charmingly described in Vice Versa are not common in a German village; school opinion condemns them, and in all probability the pastor's son goes on his way quite heedless of the tender glances that are cast upon him by the little blue-eyed maids, even if he does not resent them.

On his entrance into active life he finds himself in the same questionable position. It does occasionally happen when the family at the parsonage is large, and one of the boys betrays an especial liking or aptitude for husbandry—that is, an inaptitude for anything else—that he adopts the life of his neighbours, and returns to the class from which his forefathers sprang. But this is rare, and the youth always loses caste by such a step. He is regarded by his associates as a man who has had a chance and lost it by his poorness of spirit or intellect, unless indeed it be generally known that it was the love of some country girl that determined his choice, in which case he will be treated to the end of his life with a shade of additional respect because he is a clergyman's son. We are speaking, it must be remembered, of Central Germany, not of East Friesland or other parts.

As a rule, when the boys have outgrown the knowledge of the village teacher, and submitted for a time to the irregular and inefficient instruction of their father, they are sent, according to his means, to business in some large town, or to finish their education at a commercial or technical school, and in any of these cases they are lost to the village. If, however, the clergyman should have only a single son, or if any one of his sons displays what he thinks to be remarkable gifts, he and his wife will straiten themselves to the utmost to give the boy a university

education, of course under the condition that he studies theology. In general the lad qualifies himself for, and is in due time appointed to, a position similar to that which his father occupies, and all goes well. To narrate such a life would simply be to repeat that of the father. But it may be that the youth possesses some exceptional talent, a sense of humour or conversational power. In that case it is not unlikely that even in the grammar school he may make the acquaintance of boys who belong to a higher class than his own, and find their company agreeable. But here no great harm is done. His father has paid for his board and lodging, and when his scanty store of pocket-money is exhausted, he is obliged to stay at home till the end of the term. Everybody knows that he is poor from his dress and the house in which he lives, and the confectioner, in whose back room his new friends assemble, absolutely refuses to give him credit for more than three or four lutely refuses to give him credit for more than three or four shillings. His companions are of course indignant and abandon their favourite resort. But there is no other room in the town so comfortable, nor so well protected from the possible intrusion of comfortable, nor so well protected from the possible intrusion of their teachers, no other confectioner who is so willing not only to put down anything they order to their account, but also to advance them a little ready money every now and then, at what rate of interest they do not care to inquire. So in a day or two they are back again in their accustomed places, all except poor Hans, the clergyman's son, who used to make such good jokes. He, it may be hoped, is brooding over his task, as no more pleasant occupation is open to him.

In the University town it is different. Every tradeaman known

occupation is open to him.

In the University town it is different. Every tradesman knows that a theologian's career would be ruined if he refused to pay his lawful debts, and so Hans finds himself suddenly in possession of a credit which seems to him practically unlimited. He has no expensive tastes; but he likes to drink glass after glass of beer without reckoning their number or counting their cost. When he proposes to pay before leaving, the host advances in person, and says with a jovial smile that, as he hopes to have his further custom, it will be simplest to note everything on the account. The young man is startled at first, but soon finds the arrangement agreeable. In a day or two he notices that his coat is rustic, and finds the tailor as accommodating as the landlord. Shoemaker. agreeable. In a day or two he notices that his coat is rustic, and finds the tailor as accommodating as the landlord. Shoemaker, hatter, and tobacconist follow suit, till the lnd feels himself a potential prince, and sends munificent presents to his mother and sisters, for which, to do him justice, he pays in ready money. Before many weeks have passed Hans finds that his future profession is regarded with a social as well as an intellectual contempt by his companions. "He is far too clever," they say, "for the line of life he has chosen." When we are young a jest often outweighs an argument, and an appeal to our vanity overthrows a conviction. Hans is soon persuaded that he is too good to be a clergyman, and is resolved to adopt some other career. When he leaves the University at the end of the term all his associates cluster around him and bid him remain true to his resolution. He enthusiastically promises to do so. promises to do so.

promises to do so.

On entering the village his feelings suffer a certain change; but he knows he must, once for all, be a man. His mother and sisters view his changed appearance with awe, but there is something in his face they do not quite like, though each fears to confess the fact even to herself. He feels their influence, but resents it, and this makes him all the more obstinate with his father. In his heart he respects nothing but physical or intellectual strength, and he has, therefore, a profound contempt of women, though his affection for his mother and sisters is sincere enough as far as it

goes.

At last the day of reckoning comes. The youth stands upon the sublime height of principle, the old man will talk of nothing but the ways and means; a violent quarrel frequently ensues, and in that case Hans is apt to behave badly. Not content with absenting himself from church, he leans out of the window with a pipe in his mouth and a contemptaous smile on his face while the congregation is gathering. He makes a scoff of Christianity in the village inn, which delights the schoolmaster and amuses the younger and less reputable peasants. He now feels that he is really doing something to advance free thought and promote true culture; but in a day or two his mission is brought to an untimely end. After a private conversation with the clergyman, the innkeeper takes the lad aside, and informs him that he cannot do business upon credit. Fancy the situation of a reformer whose schemes for the emancipation of humanity are frustrated by his inability to pay for a glass of beer. In the parsonage it needs all the tact of the mother and sisters to prevent every meal becoming a pitched battle; and the eldest daughter fancies that both her parents look several years older at the end of the vacation.

vacation.

It may be that about this time Hans is struck by the appearance and manners of some country girl. He has known her family from childhood, and has always been welcome to the house; but now, if he calls, the elders receive him coldly; and, if his visits are repeated, the peasant informs him that, unless he changes his habits and opinions, he had better keep away. This will not put an end to the love affair, for there is a great deal of quiet persistence in a German girl when her heart is really engaged. But there will be a dark circle round the maiden's eyes and a tremor on her lips when she meets her lover by stealth in the wood or by the riverside. Such things are sometimes more persuasive than the words of the most learned and eloquent divine, and they may induce the youth to reconsider his resolution. In that case the clergyman will hurry off to town, take possession of his son's effects, and come to some arrangement with his creditors, who

have no objection to being paid by instalments; and, when the vacation is over, Hans will go to finish his studies in some other

University.

If, on the other hand, his aversion to the Church is too strong If, on the other hand, his aversion to the Churca is too save, to be overcome, as soon as his change of profession is known he will find that all his creditors are seized by a sudden and pressing want of ready money, and that he must bid a long farewell to the evening meetings of his friends. The difficulties which he treated with so sublime an indifference in his father's study look very with so sublime an indifference in his father's study look very different when they thus meet him face to face; but in combating them his character is often formed and strengthened, in which case he is likely to succeed in any profession he adopts. His opinions will become milder and more tolerant, and by degrees he will regain the esteem of the village and the parsonage; nay, his parents themselves will gladly confess that he was right in the way that in the way are the statements. sing their wishes.

ODET DE COLIGNY, CARDINAL CHÂTILLON,

A T the extreme east end of the Trinity Chapel in Canterbury Cathedral there stands, awkwardly athwart one of the graceful arches of William the Englishman's apse, a coffer-like graceful arches of William the Englishman's apse, a coffer-like tomb of the most uncompromising plainness, without name or date or ornament, covered with a decaying plaster coating which reveals the red brick within. There, in that memorable spot, "once," as Dean Stanley has said, "believed to be the most sacred spot in England," in the innermost adytum of England's noblest Cathedral, surrounded by the magnificent memorials of King and Prince and Archbishop, who have left imperishable names on the pages of history; there, in the very centre of architectural and monumental splendour, how are we to explain the presence of this mean and unseemly bulk? If its names on the pages of history; there, in the very centre of architectural and monumental splendour, how are we to explain the presence of this mean and unseemly bulk? If its tenant was thought worthy of a place among England's most illustrious dead, how comes it that he did not receive more honourable sepulture? The answer to this question opens a curious and interesting page of history. The tomb is that of Odet de Coligny, Cardinal Châtillon, the eldest of the three noble brothers who, under Condé, were the chief champions of the Reformed faith in France. Gaspard, the famous Admiral de Coligny, the most illustrious victim of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew as indeed he was its chief object, was the second, and François d'Andelot, the commander of the Protestant infantry in the religious wars, was the youngest. A fugitive from his country after the battle of St. Denis in 1567, Cardinal Châtillon found a refuge in England, where he was treated with marked honour by Elizabeth. Recalled by his brother the Admiral during the deceitful peace which preceded the foul treachery of St. Bartholomew's Day, he was waiting at Canterbury for a favourable opportunity of crossing, when he was surprised by death, not without a suspicion of poison, which, though then discredited, was afterwards confirmed by the alleged confession of the poisoner, one of his own servants. the poisoner, one of his own servants.

The circumstances explain the ruder

The circumstances explain the rudeness of the entombment. It was meant merely to be the temporary resting-place of the Cardinal's body. And therefore the corpse was not, in the strict sense, interred. The coffin would be easier of removal if left above sense, interred. The coffin would be easier of removal if left above ground, simply built round with a brick casing. It would be idle to waste decoration on what was so soon to be displaced. If the tomb proved too long for the arch in which it was placed and had to stand slantwise, the awkwardness would not be for long. The Protestant cause in France was at last triumphant. Their leaders were the honoured guests of the Court. Coligny himself was all powerful with the young King, who was lavishing on him every profession of regard and respect. After but a few months, the body of the Cardinal would be transported to his native land as that of one of its greatest benefactors, who, by his skilful diplomacy, had ably seconded the military achievements of his distinguished brothers, and succeeded in securing for his countrymen liberty of conscience and freedom of worship, and would be buried with due honours among his Châtillon ancestors. We too well know how fatally these bright anticipations were deceived. Cardinal Châtillon died in March 1571. His brother D'Andelot had already preceded him to the grave, dying at Saintes deceived. Cardinal Châtillon died in March 1571. His brother D'Andelot had already preceded him to the grave, dying at Saintes in 1569. The next year the Massacre of St. Bartholomew awept away nearly the whole of the leading French Protestants. When Huguenot corpses were lying by hundreds naked and unburied along the streets and quays of Paris, or were floating down the rivers; and the mutilated body of the noble Coligny was hanging from one of the gibbets of Montfaucon—the lot of him whose corpse was reposing at Canterbury, safe from shame and insult, albeit in a foreign land, must have seemed only too enviable. There was no reason, then, to disturb his bones.

The interest attaching to this Huguenot leader, who has thus

There was no reason, then, to disturb his bones.

The interest attaching to this Huguenot leader, who has thus unexpectedly found a permanent burialplace in the Cathodral, the crypts of which have for more than three centuries afforded a place of worship to his coreligionists, as well as the ignorance generally prevailing with regard to him, are our warrant for furnishing a few particulars about him, especially in connexion with his residence in England, of which the State Paper Office supplies some curious

Odet de Coligny was, as we have said, the eldest of the three prothers Coligny. They were of noble birth. Their father was laspard de Coligny, Sieur de Châtillon, Marshal of France; and heir mother was Louise, the sister of the celebrated Constable

Anne de Montmorency, by whom, De Thou says, his nephews were regarded "with a paternal love, which made him ready to defend their fortunes, wealth, and dignities at his own peril." Brantôme, who is lavish in his praises of the Cardinal, says that his was the leading mind in the family, and that his brothers deferred to him and followed his advice, "as indeed he well deserved, for he was always conferring benefits upon them." D'Andelot, having made a rich marriage, did not stand in need of his pecuniary help; but the Admiral, Brantôme tells us, before his second marriage with the wealthy widow of Savoy (who falling in love with the report of the nobility of his character and the purity of his faith, disregarding the prohibition of the Duke of Savoy, came to Rochelle on purpose to make him her husband), was extremely poor, and stood in need of the liberal aid the enormous revenues derived from many ecclesiastical preferments enabled his brother to bestow on him. Born in 1515, the year of the accession of Francis I., Odet, though the eldest son, was devoted by his parents to the clerical profession. His noble birth and powerful connexions secured for him high ecclesiastical dignities at a very early age. When only eighteen he was invested with the purple by Clement VII. (Giulio de Medici); "the Pope," writes Brantôme, "regarding not so much the interests of the Church as the opportunity of gratifying the King." The next year—1534—he was appointed Archbishop of Toulouse, and honours and emoluments falling thickly on the head of the youthful ecclesiastic, within the twelvemonth, while still under the age of twenty-one, he received from Francis I. the additional dignity of Count-Bishop of Beauvais. This was one of the highest and most lucrative positions in the French Church, its income being then reckoned at 50,000 livres, and its holder taking precedence of all the ecclesiastical peers of France. Rich abbyes followed. More than once, in 1550 and again in 1562 (after resuming it on the death of Cardinal de Meudon), diphtheria, and all the courtiers, male and female, were flying from the dreaded infection, Châtillon—"vir minime aulico ingenio"—refused to leave her bedside, and by his ministrations helped towards her recovery. We shall afterwards see how Catherine repaid this devotion. In 1558 he took a conspicuous part in the splendid but ill-starred marriage pageant of Francis II. and Mary Queen of Scots. The favour in which he was at one time held by Paul IV., by whom the future Huguenot leader had been in 1557 appointed one of the three Grand Inquisitors, with powers so searching and so rigorous that the Par-Huguenot leader had been in 1557 appointed one of the three Grand Inquisitors, with powers so searching and so rigorous that the Parliament refused to sanction their exercise, was speedily lost when, with his distinguished brothers, he embraced the teaching of Calvin, and threw in his fortunes with the Protestant party. The Council of Trent was at that time holding its protracted se which the weary Pope was desirous to close, or at least suspend. The French prelates were proving very troublesome in their opposition to the Papal wishes, and Châtillon was in the forefront of the The French premies was proposed as the French Premies without of the Papal wishes, and Châtillon was in the forefront of the offenders. Besides he was suspected, not unjustly, of favouring heretics. So on October 22, 1563, a sentence of deposition was passed on him; six other French bishops sharing in the sentence. Châtillon mocked at the Papal deprivation, and as Father Paul writes, "understanding that the Popes Consistorie had deprived him of the Cap, he resumed the habite of a Cardinell and was married in it; and in a great solemnitie, the thirteenth of August when the King" (Charles IX., then in his fourteenth year) was "declared in Parliament to bee of age, he appeared in the solemnitie in the same habite in presence of all the French Nobilitie; which was generally thought to bee a great contempt of the Papal mas generally thought to bee a great contempt of the Papal dignitie. Wherewith the Pope being mooved, hee made his deprivation to bee printed at this time, and many copies to bee dispersed in Fraunce." The Pope's attempt to rob him of his title was fruitless. Brantôme says, "We Catholics always called him 'M. le Cardinal,' for we did not at all like to change his name, which had so well become him, and under which he had served France formerly, and gratified everybody." formerly, and gratified every body."

The lady Cardinal Châtillon married was Isabella, or Elizabeth de

The lady Cardinal Châtillon married was Isabella, or Elizabeth de Hauteville, a lady of rank of Normandy, who assumed the title of Countess of Beauvais, and appeared constantly in public with her husband, to the scandal of all good Catholics.

The testimony borne by Brantome to the character of Cardinal Châtillon is very high. The three brothers Coligny were all men of a nobler stamp than the Huguenots generally, who, as the late Mr. Henley Jervis remarks, "had been driven by force of circumstances into the position of a seditious faction in the State." Protestants by strong conviction, they were conscientiously devoted to the cause of what they deemed essential truth, which they maintained by policy and by arms. Of the three, Gaspard the Admiral, and François D'Andelot were the military leaders of the Protestant party. Odet, the Cardinal, was the diplomatist and skilful negotiator, using the enormous wealth derived from his ecclesiastical preferments—some may think not very loyally—for the overthrow of the Church system and the substitution of the Huguenot faith. Brantome in one of the life-like portraits of his Memoires

describes him as the Mæcenas of his age, "qui faisoit plaisir à tout le monde, et jamais ne refusa homme à luy en faire, et jamais ne les abusa, ny vendist de fumées de la cour." Brantôme, a hero-worshipper in his way, while he finds nothing to shock his moral sense in the gross licentiousness, both male and female, of his age—which, as Mr. Saintsbury remarks, he "accepts with a placid complacency which is almost innocent"—was utterly unable to comprehend the force of religious conviction which compelled such noble spirits to sacrifice all their brightest hopes for conscience toward God; and, with a pity allied to contempt, expresses his regret that one who was so much esteemed at tempt, expresses his regret that one who was so much esteemed at Court and at the King's Council, "who gave good advice and loved those who gave it," should have plunged into the new religion and lost his "bonne fortune."

loved those who gave it," should have plunged into the new religion and lost his "bonne fortune."

Passing over the successive victories and reverses of the Protestant cause, we find Châtillon distinguishing himself in the indecisive action of St. Denis, November 10, 1567, where, to quote his admirer Brantôme once more, "he manifested great valour and showed to the world that a noble and generous heart cannot deceive, nor fail wherever it may find itself, and whatever dress it may wear." He afterwards acted as plenipotentiary on the Huguenot side at the conference with the Queen-Mother and her party, first at Châlons, and afterwards at Longjumeau, negotiating the short-lived treaty called after the latter place, by which the treacherous Catherine professed to concede the free exercise of their religion and liberty of worship to her Protestant subjects. Catherine's object was, of course, simply to throw the Huguenot leaders off their guard, the better to get them into her power. In a few months the mask was thrown off, violent edicts were issued for the suppression of Calvinistic worship, and she endeavoured to surprise the Protestant leaders. Cardinal Châtillon was one of the first aimed at. He was at Beauvais, and his first object on discovering the treachery was to join Condé and his brothers. But the roads were intercepted, and his peril became so imminent that he had to disguise himself as a sailor, and, leaving the greater part of his baggage behind, set sail for England. At this point the documents in the State Paper Office begin to enable us to trace the Cardinal's movements. The place of his landing does not appear; but on September 10, 1568, Lord Cohlam as respensible for the good order of Kent, informed Sir At this point the documents in the State Paper Office begin to enable us to trace the Cardinal's movements. The place of his landing does not appear; but on September 10, 1568, Lord Cobham, as responsible for the good order of Kent, informed Sir William Cecil that the Cardinal had landed, with a retinue of twenty-seven persons, of whom the Bishop of Arles was one, and was intending to proceed to London, purposing to apply for an interview with the Queen. A gentleman named Henry Kingsmill was sent off without an hour's delay to attend on the Cardinal and to keep Cecil apprised of all his movements. He found the Cardinal at Canterbury, intending to leave the next day, Sunday, September 12, for Gravesend, and proceed thence on Monday to London by water. The question where and by whom so important a visitor should be lodged on his arrival in London caused no little flutter. Grindal, then Bishop of London, seems to have been the first host suggested. But although, as he assured Cecil, "no man could have been more welcome to him," he pleaded "lack of provision of lodging for him or any other guest of like honour "at Fulham. "One canon of the Council of Carthage," he writes, "I observe, viz., 'Oportet episcopum vilem habere supellectilem.' If he be to be further assigned, I pray you spare me; for surely I lack convenient furniture." In his dilemma Grindal threw himself on the merchant prince Sir Thomas Gresham, who was nothing loth to venient furniture." In his dilemma Grindal threw himself on the merchant prince Sir Thomas Gresham, who was nothing loth to play the host to the illustrious stranger. Accompanied by a number of the chief magistrates of the city, Gresham received the Cardinal, together with the Bishop of Arles, at the Tower wharf on September 13, and conducted him to his mansion in Bishopsgate, where he was magnificently entertained. After divine service at the chapel of St. Antony in Threadneedle Street, which had been assigned by Edward VI. to the French Protestants, the Cardinal was taken to see Gresham's new Exchange—not yet christened "the Royal Exchange"—then approaching completion, and St. Paul's Cathedral. It was Elizabeth's economical way to assign her distinguished guests to the noblemen of her court to entertain. rauis Cathedral. It was Engageth's economical way to assign her distinguished guests to the noblemen of her court to entertain. The Cardinal and the Bishop of Arles were billeted on Lord Buckhurst (afterwards Earl of Dorset, and Lord High Treasurer) at Shene. But on their arrival the house was found far too much Buckhurst (afterwards Earl of Dorset, and Lord High Treasurer) at Shene. But on their arrival the house was found far too much out of repair, and its furniture too mean and insufficient for such distinguished personages to occupy with any comfort; and Kingsmill wrote a letter of remonstrance to Cecil (September 29) requesting that fresh order might be taken for the Cardinal's suitable lodging. The Queen was highly displeased when she learnt that a guest she desired to honour had been received so meanly. In a piteous letter to the Council (extending to twenty-two folios) Lord Buckhurst expresses his "grefe and sorow of herte" at having caused Her Majesty's displeasure, and enters into full details of the whole business. The account is amusing. The deficiency was one of means, not of will. He had given his noble guests the best he had. Less than a quarter of the house was his to dispose of. The greater part was kept by his mother in her own hands. The only tester bedstead he had unoccupied he assigned to the Cardinal, and his wife's waiting-women's bed to the bishop, laying them on the ground. Fine sheets he had none, and had to borrow of Lord Leicester. He was equally bare of plate, "suche plasse vessell as I had I offred them, which they thought to base." He had only a square table to dine at, and they demanded a long one, and "damask worke" to cover it, while he had but plain linen. "Mine owne basen and ewer I lent to the Cardinall and wanted me self. So did I the candlesticks for mine owne Table, with divers drinking glasses, small cushions, small pottes for the

ketchin, and sundrie other such like trifles," although he had no more than he needed for his own use. However, rather than cause the Queen offence, Lady Buckhurst would leave for London and give up the house to the Cardinal, and send their "poor household stuff" thence to Shene, however bare they might go themselves. A subsequent letter from Kingamill to Carl go themselves. A subsequent letter from Kingsmill to Cecil (October 15th) shows that his endeavours had been successful, and that the Cardinal and his household were more content with

their quarters.

The Cardinal's object was to avail himself of his stay in Ine Cardinais object was to avail himself of his stay in England to induce the Queen to renew the alliance of 1562, and enter into a Protestant league, on the plea that with Mary Stuart and the Catholics plotting against her the safety of her throne depended on her support of the Protestants in France and the Low Countries. On October 2 "two gentlemen arrived at Shene from the Cardinal's brother," with news which, writes Leicester to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, "I pray God may be true"—"The well-doing of M. D'Andelot has been very lately confirmed out of France." The same day we hear of the Cardinal's wife having arrived in London. Leicester begs to be commended to her, and offers his services either for her or her husband. The latter part of Leicester's letter is important as showing the difficulty in which the Queen and her Council were placed by the arrival of the Cardinal and other leading French Protestants. On the one hand, they were desirous to show all sympathy with those who were fleeing their country for the Protestant faith, and who were to some extent a safeguard against the machinations of the Papal party against Elizabeth's throne and life; while, on the other, they were afraid of too openly countenancing the rebellious subjects of a kingdom with which they were still nominally at England to induce the Queen to renew the alliance of 1562, they were afraid of too openly countenancing the rebellious subjects of a kingdom with which they were still nominally at peace, and with one of the princes of which a matrimonial alliance with the Queen was matter of discussion:—

alliance with the Queen was matter of discussion:—

I know assuredly Her Majesty has a marvellous liking of him (the Cardinal), and one thing more then I looked for, which is her liking to heare of his wife, and is very desirous to see her, and has sent one expressly to visit her. But what her general opinion is as to publickly receiving these princes you know as well as I, which causes us to foresee lest too much open shew may cause her to grow weary of the Cardinal, for that all the repair will now come to him; wherefore we wish that he deal warily, that he may do good to the cause, and when he will treat with Her Majesty that he come but in his former sort to her, and that the open company appear not, that the Ambassador take not just cause to challenge Her Majesty for matters of the King's adversaries, and so cause a stay which we wish by little and little to have it so increase as it may break forth, as it should and must if we look to her own safety and the realm's secunity.

Now, you knowing my mind, I doubt not of your well handling thereof; our chief respects being to have the Cardinal keep his credit and recourse hither, who I trust shall do much good.

Our space forbids us pursuing Elizabeth's tortuous and tempor-

Our space forbids us pursuing Elizabeth's tortuous and tempor-izing policy, of which the above letter affords a good illustration. Encouraging hopes she had no intention of fulfilling; dallying with propositions which never for a moment entered into her scheme of propositions which never for a moment entered into her scheme of practical politics; supporting the Protestant cause abroad so long as she could do so without compromising her serious relations with foreign Courts, the Queen's insincerity must have rendered the two years the Cardinal remained in this country, vainly endeavouring to unravel the intricacies of her purpose, a time of wearing suspense. He appeared openly at Court. He received frequent marks of Her Majesty's favour; "the rather," as Cecil italicizes in one of his private notes, "to displease all Pupists." She allowed him unchecked to urge her marriage with the Duke of Anjou, now appearing to favour it, now absolutely rejecting it, with all the waywardness of a middle-aged coquette, flattered with the ridiculous dream that a lad of twenty was deeply in love with a woman waywardness of a middle-aged coquette, flattered with the ridicu-lous dream that a lad of twenty was deeply in love with a woman nearly double his age whom he had never seen, but never really giving it a serious place in her thoughts. Elizabeth's seeming approval of the suggestion gave Châtillon warrant to write to the young Duke himself on the subject. Anjou, taken by surprise, referred it to his mother. The mention of so strange an alliance at first provoked a smile of incredulity. "Elizabeth was no more in earnest in this than in her former matrimonial overtures. It was only a trick to escape from pressing embarrassment." Still the only a trick to escape from pressing embarrassment." Still the advantages to France of such an alliance were evident, and Catherine desired her ambassador to do what he could to for-

ward it.

But Cardinal Châtillon was not destined to witness the failure of this or the other negotiations in which his skilled diplomacy found its exercise. The hollow pacification of 1570 caused him to be summoned back to France, where his services were much needed by his brother, the Admiral, whom the death of Condé had made the acknowledged head of the Protestant party. Early in 1571 Châtillon waited on the Queen at Hampton Court, received her license to quit the country which had been his honourable asylum for more than two years, and took his leave of Her Majesty. He travelled towards the coast, accompanied by his lady and a considerable retinue, by way of Rochester and Canterbury. At the latter place he made a halt, as Bishop Horn writes to Bullinger, "waiting for a wind for his prosperous and safe return." He was lodged in the "fair and sufficient house" of Mr. Bungey, attached to the fourth stall, formerly occupied by Thomas Becon, the Reformer. The Cardinal was not in good health on his arrival at Canterbury. At Rechester, we learn from the detailed report of his Reformer. The Uardinal was not in good health on his arrival at Canterbury. At Rochester, we learn from the detailed report of his illness in the State Paper Office, he had been obliged to have recourse to the skill of "his potycary," but to little purpose. His sickness increased. On returning from a long ride on horseback, he went supperless to bed, and after a few days' struggle with a fever, which assumed the character of a tertian, "nature as yt seemythe soe farre wekened as not able to make anye more ffytte," he breathed his

last, March 19. No suspicion of foul play seems to have arisen during his illness. But in those days no considerable person could die without the rumour getting about that he had been poisoned. The idea was readily credited by the Cardinal's lady, who it was said had recently had many sad and unaccountable presentiments of such a fate for her husband. The Government was appealed to. Commissioners were sent down to have the corpse examined and to report to the Council. By their instructions six of the Cardinal's body-servants were "sequestered" and separately examined—there is no mention of torture—and their "malles, caskets, and chests" were ransacked. Nothing, however, was discovered to corroborate the suspicion, and although Lady was discovered to corroborate the suspicion, and although Lady Châtillon persisted in her belief that her husband had come to his Châtillon persisted in her belief that her husband had come to his end by the administration of slow poison, and though some ominous indications were presented by the viscera, the Commissioners reported that there were no sufficient grounds for such a charge. This report is dated March 30, 1571. The body of the Cardinal was hastily buried in the temporary brick tomb of which we have already spoken, and a passport having been granted, "the Ladye Chastylyn" herself "beinge in syckness," with her "trayne of en and horses," set sail for France.

The news of his brother's death fell as a heavy discouragement men and horses.

The news of his brother's death fell as a heavy discouragement upon his brother the Admiral, overclouding the joy of his second nuptials with his rich Savoyard bride. Now that he had lost D'Andelot and Condé, the responsibility of leadership rested on him with crushing weight, which he had hoped the Cardinal would have helped him to sustain. The suspicion of Châtillon's having been poisoned was afterwards, it is said, confirmed by the confession of one of his valets—if indeed any trust is to be placed in confessions made under torture—who, having been apprehended at Rochelle as a spy of the Catholic party, declared that he was the author of the Cardinal's death, by means of poison secretly administered to him in an apple.

The era in which Cardinal Châtillon lived was a dark one, especially in France. It was an era of unbridled licentiousness, foul

The era in which Cardinal Châtillon lived was a dark one, especially in France. It was an era of unbridled licentiousness, foul treachery, heartless savagery, and selfish rapine. Such noble characters as the brothers Coligny save it from being utterly detestable, shining all the brighter for the blackness around them. Of the three, Odet, though not the best known, was perhaps the noblest. We have already quoted the estimate of the cynical Brantôme. We will conclude the article with that of the grave and impartial De Them. If Vir respritting again; and on require the property of the p De Thou:—"Vir magnitudine animi, candore, sequitate et rara hoc sevo fide, ad hec acri in rebus sestimandis judicio, cum paucis comparandus.'

THE COLLAPSE IN THE COTTON SPECULATION.

PAILWAYS, steamships, and telegraphs, which have so greatly benefited trade, have also vastly extended the field of speculation. It is no longer necessary for people engaged in business to hold in their warehouses large stock of the commodities in which they deal. By means of the telegraph they can order what they want in the course of a few hours, and the steamship and railway will bring it to them in a few weeks. In this way a most recovery of saidly in effected, and trade is conducted much and railway will bring it to them in a few weeks. In this way a great economy of capital is effected, and trade is conducted much more smoothly. To the grower of raw materials there is advantage in being able to sell speedily whatever quantity of his produce is needed, and the wholesale dealer likewise has an advantage in the system. Nowhere has this kind of sale more largely obtained than in the cotton trade. Quiet people who wish to reduce their transactions as nearly as possible to a certainty, desire to buy the raw material they need long beforehand. They are thus better able to calculate their expenditure for a long time to come, and to order their business accordingly. Speculators were not long in seeing the advantage to themselves of this were not long in seeing the advantage to themselves of this new kind of dealing. As the cotton was bought usually months beforehand, the day of reckoning was considerably postponed—a not immaterial matter for gamblers. Moreover, the element of chance in the game was extended. They could buy and sell long before it was possible to ascertain with any accuracy sell long before it was possible to ascertain with any accuracy the outturn of the crop. And, furthermore, as the buyer did not want the goods he bought, and the seller had not the goods he sold, neither was under any necessity to consider the probable quantity of the crops. They might buy and sell any number of times the whole yield of cotton in the world. Consequently, the practice of dealing in "futures," as it is called—that is, of selling cotton which the purchaser did not possess and the buyer usually did not require—has become a marked feature in the is, of selling cotton which the buyer usually did not requireis, of selling cotton which the purchaser did not possess and the buyer usually did not require—has become a marked feature in the cotton markets of Europe and America. For example, A., in the month of July, sells to B. one hundred thousand bales of cotton, of 400 lbs. each, to be delivered in the month of November, at sixpence a pound; A. not possessing the cotton, and B. not requiring it. If the price rises to sevenpence, he is obviously at B.'s mercy. It is true B. does not want the cotton. What he wishes to get is the difference between the value of the cotton at sixpence and sevenpence per pound; in this case 166,666l. And he can compel A. to pay him the sum or declare himself a bankrupt by insisting on the delivery of the cotton, which we have supposed A. not to possess, and which he now cannot buy at less than sevenpence per pound. On the other hand, if the price falls to fivepence a pound, A. may insist upon delivering the cotton at sixpence—the price at which it was originally sold. A., however, does not want to buy the cotton in order to deliver it; nor does B. want to receive and pay for it. The matter is therefore settled by B. paying to A. the "difference," as it is called; in this case again 166,660l.

Mr. Morris Ranger was the principal speculator in the Liverpool cotton market; and, not content with the wide scope there offered to him, he extended his operations both to the Continent and to America. It was inevitable that, sooner or later, one who dealt in so many markets and on so large a scale should end in failure. We see, indeed, in the case of the great "Railway Kings" in the United States how men may speculate on an enormous scale for years together, and always with apparent success. But then it is to be recollected that the "Railway Kings," having once got possession of great systems of railway, are not speculators pure and simple; they rather resemble the gambler who plays with loaded dice. Mr. Morris Ranger did not control all the cotton-growing districts of the world, and, therefore, he was a speculator, and nothing more. He first distinguished himself in 1831 by effecting the great cotton "corner" in Liverpool. He had convinced him districts of the world, and, therefore, he was a speculator, and nothing more. He first distinguished himself in 1851 by effecting the great cotton "corner" in Liverpool. He had convinced himself that the American crop of that year would be a failure, and, consequently, that the price of raw cotton must rise in the autumn. Accordingly he began in the summer to buy all the cotton that was offered; and, as most of the speculators in Liverpool took a different view, they sold very readily to him. He was, in reality, acting as the agent of powerful financial houses who profess to do only legitimate business, and conceal themselves behind such personages as Mr. Morris Ranger. Bankers who were in a position to inform themselves of the real state of the case assert that in 1881 a million and a half sterling was placed at the disposal of Mr. Ranger; that the sellers of cotton endeavoured to ruin him by offering the cotton in the hope that he had not the means of paying for it; but that he disappointed them, and thus effected the great "corner" which ruined so many Liverpool speculators. It is easy enough, however, under such circumstances as existed in 1881, to make a "corner." The difficulty is to get out of it profitably. As soon as Mr. Ranger had compelled the speculators opposed to him to pay the fines which he chose to inflict, he found himself with an immense quantity of cotton on his hands which he did not want, and which in fact he knew not what to do with. He endeavoured to sell this: but it is said that in the sales he lost nearly all the profit in fact he knew not what to do with. He endeavoured to sell this; but it is said that in the sales he lost nearly all the profit he had made in the "corner." Since 1831 he has gone on speculating; and, having then won a reputation for extraordinary shrewdness, it is believed that the number of financial backers greatly increased. This year he convinced himself that the American cotton crop would be exceptionally large, and instead of buying as he had done in 1881, he began in July to sell very largely, and apparently he has gone on selling since. He contracted to deliver in November and December, and he hoped that the price would be a long that the price. would then be so low that he could prevent himself from being "cornered" by buying as much cotton as he required at a lower price than he had sold it at in the summer, and thus realize a large profit. The result, however, shows that he took a wrong view of the cotton crop, for the price has steadily risen, and it is said that his "differences" alone exceed a million sterling. In other roads he said between view and to millions' worth of cotton and that his "differences" alone exceed a million sterling. In other words, he sold between nine and ten millions' worth of cotton, and, the price having risen, the difference between the value of the cotton at the price at which he sold and that at which it was last week exceeded a million sterling. He was unable to pay this sum, and he became bankrupt, bringing down with him several other houses, disorganizing the whole trade, and spreading alarm throughout the cotton district, as well as raising apprehensions of difficulties in the money market. It is of course impossible to prevent speculation, and, as we pointed out above, dealing in "futures" is convenient for legitimate trade, both for the spinner and for the grower. It is out of the question, then, to legislate and for the growen. It is out of the question, then, to legislate against this kind of dealing. Indeed the countries are so numerous in which cotton is now grown and dealt in that legislation would necessarily be inoperative. At the same time it is possible to limit in some measure this kind of speculation. As speculators now conduct the business, they may buy or sell far beyond their ability to pay or to deliver; and it is desirable that if possible they should be hindered from doing this; not indeed for their own sakes, but for the sake of the trade which they disturb. In the United States, where speculation of the kind is carried on more largely even than in this country, there are two safeguards adopted. One is to insist upon daily settlements, and the other to require both buyers and sellers to lodge "margins." What is meant by daily settlements is that when a speculator buys or sells, the transaction lasts only for the day, and though it may be continued for any length of time, it is always possible to insist upon a settlement. Daily settlements in themselves, however, offer no real check to speculation. As we have already said, nowhere is speculation wilder or more extensive than in the United States, and yet daily settlements obtain there on the Stock Exchange, as well as in most of the produce exchanges. But daily settlements have this great advantage, they impress upon speculators that they may be called upon to pay up at any moment, and they are not, therefore, quite so ready as Mr. Morris Ranger to venture far beyond their depth.

The other condition imposed upon speculation in "futures" in the United States offers a much better guarantee against utterly reckless dealing. It is that both buyer and seller are required to lodge what is called a "margin"; or, in other words, a fixed proportion of the price of the commodity in which they deal, and if the price rises the "margin" has to be increased, so that the fixed proportion is always kept up. Of course, on the other hand, if the price falls, the "ma and for the grower. It is out of the question, then, to legislate against this kind of dealing. Indeed the countries are so numerous

per cent. of the price, he has to find 100,000l. as security that, when the time comes, he will be able to fulfil his engagement. But a man must either be very wealthy or have good credit if he is able to find 100,000l. The needy speculator therefore is prevented from dealing in vast amounts; while the wealthy speculator, by the fact that he is obliged to part with so considerable a proportion of his capital, is warned of the seriousness of what he is doing, the fact that he is obliged to part with so considerable a proportion of his capital, is warned of the seriousness of what he is doing, and is obliged to think whether he can afford to lose such a large sum. It is probable that this system of lodging "margins" prevents great disasters in the United States. For although speculation in "futures" is there more general than it is in England, yet we do not read of such large failures. The reason must be that both parties to the speculation are required to give evidence of their ability to carry out their bargain; and the daily settlements in vogue in the United States evidently make this system of "margins" more efficient. As the bargain in reality runs only from day to day, both parties can be required at a moment's notice to increase the sums lodged if the price rises. If they are unable to do so, the transaction comes to an end at once, and the party failing is obliged to bear the losses he has already incurred. Here in England, on the contrary, there is no deposit required either from buyer or seller, and the buyer and seller can fix for themselves the date at which the settlement is to be effected. It may run, for example, for several months. However, the price may rise then, and, however great may be the losses of one side, there is no revelation until the time of settlement comes; and thus a man may really be bankrupt for months, and yet may go on dealing with people who do not suspect the state in which he really is. It would seem to be desirable, therefore, that the rules adopted in the United States for preventing reckless speculation should be introduced in Liverpool. No harm would be done to bond fide dealers. If a spinner, for example, wishes to buy in July or August at a fixed price, the cotton to be delivered to him in November, there is no hardship in requiring him to lodge a deposit that he really wants the cotton, and will be prepared to pay for it when the time comes. It is a mere guarantee of good deposit that he really wants the cotton, and will be prepared to pay for it when the time comes. It is a mere guarantee of good deposit that he really wants the cotton, and will be prepared to pay for it when the time comes. It is a mere guarantee of good faith which no honest manufacturer would object to give. If, again, an importer wishes to secure himself by selling months beforehand what he 'intends to import at a certain future day, there is no hardship in asking him also to give a guarantee that he really will be prepared when the time comes to fulfil his bargain. Trade, therefore, would be in no wise injured by the adoption of these rules; and, as we have seen, utterly reckless speculation would be checked. There would thus be a clear gain. And, unless the Liverpool Cotton Brokers' Association is prepared to defend utterly reckless speculation, we do not see on what ground it can refuse the adoption of these rules.

CONCERTS.

THE short series of concerts which has been given at St. James's Hall, under Herr Hans Richter, certainly shows that there is no falling off in the quality of the splendid orchestra or any lack of zeal in careful preparation on the part of the famous conductor himself. Speaking generally, we may say that there are no concerts given in London which are more eagerly looked forward to and more heartily appreciated than the Richter Concerts, and this fact must be a source of gratification to the conductor, if only considered as an acknowledgment on the part of the public of his untiring energy and great power as an interpreter conductor, if only considered as an acknowledgment on the part of the public of his untiring energy and great power as an interpreter of the highest class of music. Undoubtedly Herr Richter has done much for music in England. Coming here some few years ago for the avowed purpose of making the English public appreciate the music of Richard Wagner, he has succeeded in drawing together large audiences who are ready to applaud the masterpieces of the great musician to the echo. It seems somewhat disappointing, therefore, since the desired result has been achieved, that the programmes of the Richter concerts should continue to be made up of excerpts from the works of Wagner, with a minimum of Beethoven and one or two other masters. what disappointing, therefore, since the desired result has been achieved, that the programmes of the Richter concerts should continue to be made up of excerpts from the works of Wagner, with a minimum of Beethoven and one or two other masters. As we pointed out last year, Wagner's works are not intended for, nor are they suited to, performance on the concert stage; and the excuse which formerly existed for their admittance there has now to a great degree ceased to have force. Surely we are not asking too much from one of the greatest conductors in Europe, who commands the services of one of the finest orchestras in England, when we express a desire to hear a little more of Beethoven, something of Schumann, Berlioz, not to mention, lest we should be thought to be too presuming, Gluck, Mozart, or Mendelssohn. The three concerts of this season are made up of fourteen different pieces, six of which are excerpts from the music-dramas of Richard Wagner, and the "Huldigungs Marsch," by the same composer; four works of Beethoven (three Symphonies, and the third Leonora Overture); and one work from Brahms, Liszt, and Bach respectively; in fact, in each concert one work alone finds place which is not either by Wagner or Beethoven. Considering the forces Herr Richter has at his command, and the large choice of first-rate works which lie at his hand, we think we are justified in asking him to enlarge the musical horizon of his programme. There is, however, one pleasing feature in these concerts to which we would earnestly commend all concert-givers to pay attention. The Richter concerts never weary. Herr Richter's two hours of music result in real enjoyment to all who esteem the quality rather

than the quantity of enjoyment; and no one can be the worse off is too often the case.

The first concert opened with the "Huldigungs Marsch," which was written by Wagner in honour of the accession of the present King to the throne of Bavaria in 1864. It is by no means the happiest effort of the composer's genius, though at the same time there are many points of interest in the treatment of his subject; but, having been written originally for a military hand, the ordinary orthestal areangement of it which was beginned. band, the ordinary orchestral arrangement of it, which was begun by the composer and finished by Joachim Raff, suffers from the preponderance of the wind element, especially the brass instru-ments. To this succeeded "Die Akademische Ouverture," by ments. To this succeeded "Die Akademische Ouverture," by Johannes Brahma, constructed on German student songs, which are so cleverly deguised by the composer that it requires some skill on the part of the audience to identify them as they are successively presented, though the "Gaudeamus igitur," which he uses as a code, composer that cessively presented, though the "Gaudeamus igitur," which he uses as a coda, compensates for much of the learned intricacies to be found in the body of the work. The gem of the first part of the concert was the Introduction to the third act of Die Meistersinger, a piece of work which undoubtedly shows the master to us in his happiest mood, and breathes a spirit of genuine poetical feeling in every phrase. The second act of the opera ends in rather an uproarious fashion, with the discomfiture of Beckmesser and riot of apprentices, and the third opens with Hans Sachs in his workshop, reading a ponderous volume, and meditating upon the follies of this life, and to bridge over this contrast the Introduction is inserted. Beginning with a motive which meditating upon the folies of this life, and to bridge over this contrast the Introduction is inserted. Beginning with a motive which afterwards forms the basis of Sachs's monologue, "Wahn! Wahn! überall Wahn!" it gradually passes on to the Chorale, "Wach auf," which was composed by the real Hans Sachs, and is here used by Wagner, who divides into two sections by introducing two passages from the "Schusterlied" and the "Probelied" between the first and second parts, adding thereby greatly to its effect. On this occasion Herr Richter's orchestra rendered this beautiful fragment so admirably that the audience demanded and obtained a second hearing of it, which was if anything almost better than the first. hearing of it, which was if anything almost better than the first. Its very beauty and intention, however, emphasize its fragmentary nature. The first part ended with the now well-known Ride of the Valkyries, which, although excellently played, shows us more and more how unfit it is for concert purposes—a fact which the writer of the analytical programme is well aware of when he claims some allowance for "the absence of the vocal element, as well as of the scenic accessories." A fine rendering, albeit the string part of the orchestra were somewhat shaky in the earlier part, of the "Pastoral Symphony," No. 6, of Beethoven, comprised the whole of the second part of the concert, which ended shortly before ten o'clock.

the whole of the second part of the content before ten o'clock.

The second Richter concert began with two well-known and favourite pieces of the Wagner repertoire, the Tannhäuser Overture, and the "Vorspiel und Liebestod," from Tristan und and favourite pieces of the Wagner répertoire, the Tannhäuser Overture, and the "Vorspiel und Liebestod," from Tristan und Isolde. The former was given with all the force and vigour, and the latter with the passion and tragic pathos, which is characteristic of Herr Richter's interpretation. If the Tristan und Isolde fragment is open to the objection which we have referred to in our notice of the Introduction to the third act of Die Meistersinger, as it is an attempt to weld together the opening and the end of an opera, still it must be acknowledged that it is more satisfactory, and seems to have a more complete story to tell. Walter, von Stolzing's "Preislied," from Die Meistersinger, sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd, followed, a performance which, though it left it little to be desired in point of vocal management, still suffored from being sung to English words, and with little feeling for those words. The one piece not by Wagner or Beethoven which was admitted to this concert was Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2." Beginning with a slow movement, called a "Lassan," of a remarkably uninteresting, not to say bald, character, which is thrice repeated under different treatment, it is followed by two "Frischkas," which seem trivial to the last degree, when the almost hateful "Lassan" reappears under another disguise, and brings the Rhapsody to a welcome end. The Symphony chosen for the second part of this concert was Beethoven's 5th in C Minor, which was given in a manner worthy of the reputation of the orchestra, the lovely slow movement being, perhaps, the finest part of a performance which left hardly anything to be desired.

The twenty-sixth season of the Monday Popular Concerts began on the 3rd of November, when a large audience filled St. James's Hall in evidence of the high esteem in which these concerts are still held by the public. Mme. Norman-Neruda, Messrs. L. Riess, Straus, and Piatti opened the concert with Beethoven's Quartette in C Major, the third in Opus 59, which is dedicated to Count Rasoumowski. This Overture, and the "Vorspiel und Laebeston, from Arteston and Isolde. The former was given with all the force and vigour, and tracic pathos, which is character-

merited the applause which it gained. M. Vladimir de Pachman then closed the first part by a performance of Chopin's "Barcarolle" in F Sharp Minor, and Hensell's "Wiegenlied," for the pianoforte alone. To wonderful delicacy of touch M. de Pachman adds a dexterity in execution which is certainly very remarkable; but we cannot help confessing that there was a want of force and resolution in his performance on this occasion which was somewhat disappointing. He has a habit of nursing his notes, if we may so describe it, and an unfortunate tendency to force attention by exaggerated uplifting of his hands, which destracts from his otherwise extraordinary execution. M. de Pachman shines in such pieces as the one which he played when he was recalled—a piece in which dexterity of execution and evenness of touch were of paramount importance—and he showed much wisdom in introducing it; but we greatly doubt his ability to perform a work requiring a large amount of grip and energy with entire satisfaction. The second part of the concert consisted of a "Nocturne" in F Major for the violoncello, by Ignaz Lachner, a delicately melodious piece, which was played with much feeling and of course with great purity of tone by Signor Piatti, "Oh, had I Jubal's Lyre," which was so well samp by Miss Santley that she had to repeat it, and Schubert's Quintet in A Major. The Quintet, which consists of five movements, was composed in 1819, when Schubert was twenty-two years of age, and has already been heard several times at these concerts. It is chiefly remarkable as containing the theme of his popular song "Die Forelle" in one of the movements, to which he has written some charming variations. M. de Pachman, Mme. Norman-Neruda, MM. Straus, Piatti, and Reynolds, were the executants who toky part in it, and it need hardly be said that the performance was quite satisfactory.

Among concert-programmes at the Crystal Palace that of the 27th of October was somewhat remarkable. Out of eleven items, nine were written by composers who have receiv

the steadiness, skill, and dramatic feeling with which she delivered this recitative and aria. She is possessed by nature of a very sweet, if somewhat thin, voice, which, from faulty production, becomes shrill and rough in the upper and middle register. There is yet time to overcome this defect, and we may hope that good training may restore all that is wanting to so promising an artist. Sir George A. Macfarren's Symphony in E. Minor was probably a revelation to those who had read musical literature, but had never heard the work of the Professor of Music at Cambridge. They had heard always that he was the most learned and best read musician in Europe, but might not have known, as they would after hearing this Symphony, that he was a composer of brilliant, delicate, and poetical feeling, as well as a consummate master of musical technique. Mme. Patey sang another piece of Sir Michael Costa's Handel, Recitative and Evening Prayer, Eti. Then followed a Concerto for violoncello and orchestra by Goltermann, the solo part played by Mr. Edward Howell. As we heard this composition we could only regret that it had been written by an expert for the solo instrument, so full is it of genuine music. Mr. Howell showed himself a true artist in the really musical passages, and an accomplished virtuoso in the browners. at had been written by an expert for the solo instrument, so full is it of genuine music. Mr. Howell showed himself a true artist in the really musical passages, and an accomplished virtuoso in the bravura parts. His performance showed that he justly holds one of the first positions amongst violoncello players, and it is in no spirit of detraction that we point out that, to those who love music, there is but little attraction in seeing the four fingers of the left hand of a performer dancing a complicated breakdown or double hornpipe on the finger-board, with the effect of producing an intricate banjo passage. The next item of the programme was "Lo, here the Gentle Lark," by Sir Henry R. Bishop, one of the last of the writers of the last quaint English school. Miss Coward sang this, and was ill advised to attempt the feat. Such music can only be sung so as to show its meaning by an artist already so well practised that she can sing as a bird sings, and the quaint turns, trills, and ornamentation must be passed lightly over. No débutante can sing this song, and Miss Coward, a débutante, did her best. Sir Robert P. Stewart's orchestral Prelude, "The Eve of St. John," though melodious, belongs, as to its melody, rather to the school of Balfe and Wallace, but is on the whole a good and careful production. This was followed by a solo for violoncello by Boccherini, admirably played by Mr. Howell, though necessarily much of the effect of this delicate piece of chamber music

was lost in so large a concert hall. Mme. Patey then sang Sir Julius Benedict's "By the Sad Sea Waves," and the concert ended with Sir A. Sullivan's bright and skilful Overture, "Di Ballo." The hand and the conductor more band and the conductor were all that could be wished throughout the concert.

The concert of the 3rd of November was in commemoration of the death of Mendelssohn, who died on the 4th of November, 1847. The early part of the programme was devoted to music by Mendelssohn. Amongst other pieces, the Italian Symphony, the Violin Concerto played by Mr. Carrodus, and the "Walpurgis-Nacht" were given with complete success.

REVIEWS.

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY STUDIES.

MR. GOSSE claims for this volume of essays on Lodge, Webster, Rowlands, the Annalia Dubrensia, Herrick, Crashaw, Cowley, Katharine Philips, Etherege, and Otway that it is something more than a collection of magazine essays, having been definitely planned (though of necessity carried out by degrees only) so as to give a complete view, by means of representative studies, of the course of English literature generally during the seventeenth century. The idea was a good one in itself, and it has in the main been excellently carried out. Mr. Gosse admits that his projected list of worthies varied a little from time to time, and in particular he offers reason why Donne, who once had place in it, was rejected. We have no quarrel with him for his high estimate of that great though unequal writer. But we cannot help wishing that Donne had held his place and that Webster had lost it. For, while Webster belongs to the special cénacle of the Elizabethan-Jacobean dramatists majorum genium, he is not farranging enough to be in any respect representative of that cénacle. The gigantic figures of his creation, on the other hand, sort but ill with the products of the journalism of Lodge and Rowlands, the fantastic and occasional, if exquisite, copies of verses of Herrick and Crashaw, the quaint records of Captain Dover's Games, and the coterie-literature of Katharine Philips, nay, even with the kindred (as far as form goes) drama of Etherege and Otway. The difference is hard to formulate exactly, but it is felt. To put it as sharply as possible, we do not think that Donne was a lesser man, we think that on the whole he was a greater man of letters than Webster. But we should have felt no incongruity in his presence here, and we do feel something of such incongruity in the presence of the author of the White Devil.

This, however, is a pure matter of taste, and one, moreover, as

This, however, is a pure matter of taste, and one, moreover, as to which it is difficult to say that all persons of taste ought to think alike. But it is quite safe to say that all persons of taste ought to think alike as to the excellence and the value of the majority of the essays given here. They are more than good of their kind; they are of a kind which is very uncommon. We are not of those who hold that of what is sometimes disdainfully called "merely æsthetic criticism," provided it be good, there can be too much; but there is certainly a great deal of it at the present day which is far from good. On the other hand, we have at the present day no lack of patient and careful grubbers and compilers, not to mention those who are neither patient nor careful. But it cannot be said that they are, for the most part, deeply imbued with the literary spirit. Now the peculiarity of these essays, at least of the most and best part of them, is that they contain a very large amount of facts and of research, while the merely antiquarian spirit never overlays and smothers that of the critic. Mr. Gosse's accuracy rarely fails him, except where (as all men are sometimes tempted of the Devil to do) he quits his own ground for the purpose of being unnecessarily dogmatic on ground which is not in the present of the part of the present This, however, is a pure matter of taste, and one, moreover, as sometimes tempted of the Devil to do) he quits his own ground for the purpose of being unnecessarily dogmatic on ground which is not his. Thus he makes a statement in part very dubious and in part certainly wrong when he says, "It was the publication of the Anthology in 1531, and of Henri Estienne's Anacreen in 1554, that set the Pleiade in movement." The relation of Ronsard and the Ronsardists to the Anthology may be a matter of opinion, though there are some students tolerably familiar with French and with Greek who are unable to discern much community between them. But opinion has not much to do with the question whether a book published in 1554 could have set in motion a movement which was in full flow and the partakers in which had published the fullest possible account of their aims and intentions exactly five years before.

It is not, however, to hear about the Pleiade that we take up this book of Mr. Gosse's. It is to hear of some of the characteristics and the characters of that seventeenth-century literature which he

and the characters of that seventeenth-century literature which he knows so well, loves so much, and can write about so admirably. As specimens of the biographical critique, of the essay which laboriously enters into facts while not omitting to give conclusions, the papers on Lodge, on Rowlands, on Etherege, are altogether exceptionally good of their kind. Even Kingsley has not drawn much more picturesquely (while Mr. Gosse is beyond suspicion of that luckless sacrifice of accuracy to picturesqueness and parti pris

^{*} Seventeenth-Century Studies. By Edmund W. Gosse. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

which induced the sometime Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge to make Marlowe die in a tavern of "James's profligate metropolis") the strange and chequered fates of Elizabethan men of letters, than Mr. Gosse has done in his sketch of Lodge, poet, pamphleteer, gentleman-adventurer with Cavendish and other sea kings, physician, and possibly Romanist conspirator. The sketch of the personality of the almost totally unknown Samuel Rowlands as conjectured from his curious works is remarkably ingenious, and abstains very commendably from giving itself out as anything more than a conjectural reconstruction, while it supplies a most curious side-light on those singular ancestors of the modern journalist, the Elizabethon poetical and prose pamphleteers. We cannot help somewhat regretting that Mr. Gosse has not given us more of these curious persons, such as the prince of them all Nicholas Breton, as Davies of Hereford, and others. It would have interfered with the regular progressive unity of his design; but we could have spared for such papers those on the better known figures of Crashaw, Herrick, and Cowley. Another paper to be spoken of with much commendation is the pleasant review of that funny book Captain Dover's Cotswold Games, one of the classical books of Old English sports and pastimes. Nor are the papers on Otway and Etherege inferior to these on the earlier decades. Here, too, especially in the case of Etherege (where Mr. Gosse has been lucky enough and industrious enough to clear away some at least of the clouds which obscure the end of that brilliant dramatist's life), there is research of the best kind; and here, also, there is narrative power and critical power equal to the task of digesting the fruits of that research. But here, also, with the usual unreasonableness of critics, we are inclined to ask for "more." Mr. Gosse's knowledge of the Restoration drama (the Restoration drama proper, not merely that better known but far from homogeneous theatre which, by one of the most slove

It will be gathered that while we think well of all parts of Mr. Gosse's book, we think less well of the essâys on Webster, Cowley, Herrick, and Crasbaw (that on Mrs. Philips, "the matchless Orinda," is one of the best and most characteristic of the whole) than of the others which we have hitherto discussed. The principal reason for this comparative distaste (and it is merely comparative) has been given, but there are some others. In the essays on Webster and on Crashaw, Mr. Gosse indulges in an occasional floridness of style which we cannot altogether "taste," as Cowley would have said. It is true that in the case of Crashaw there is the excuse known to all writers of any experience that there is a singular and almost unconscious temptation to write criticism more or less in the style of the thing criticized. More quintessenced, though less grotesquely quintessenced, than Lyly himself, Crashaw not unnaturally seduces his biographer into a little preciousness. In the case of Herrick, Mr. Gosse's appreciative and generally excellent criticism seems to us to be marred by too much insistence on Herrick's "paganism." To our minds, the author of the Hesperides was not necessarily pagan at all, though to an age which is almost always ascetic when it is not licentious, he may seem so. So, again, the famous Litany seems to us to be something more than "wild and spirited," to be sincerely and even deeply religious. The true "form and fear" are on the writer's mood, and he is as serious as when he is writing of Julia's petticoat or other things still less usually the subject of clerical discourse. To Cowley, again, Mr. Gosse seems to us a little less than just on the whole, despite his hearty allowance of merit to particular pieces, and to Cowley's importance in the history of style and poetic form.

These, however, like the other defects which we have noted, are for the most part questions of individual opinion—theses which admit of abundant pro and con argument. The merits of the book, on the other hand, are of an unusually solid order and almost beyond dispute. Few recent books of criticism have contained so much biographical and anecdotic detail which will be new, not merely to the general reader, but to tolerably well-instructed students of literature. Fewer still have succeeded in putting this novel information in a way so readable and interesting without any condescension to the gossiping vulgarity of the mere anamassing bookmaker. Hardly any one for some years has even attempted to throw so much and such illustrative light on the minor but still important figures and on the general crowd, as it may be called, of an important and most attractive period of English literary history. The reader who closes Mr. Gosse's book after reading it will do more than know more about the particular persons of whom he has been reading. He will understand

(because he will have had a kind of bird's-eye view of them) the tendencies and strivings, the form and the pressure, of the whole transition time between the two Augustan ages, and he will understand also, as, perhaps, he has never understood before, how and why the one succeeded the other.

A WOMAN'S REASON.*

In his new book Mr. Howells has apparently taken more pains to form a definite plot than he did in his previous works, but it bears evident signs of being his first attempt in this direction. It seems a fault in construction, for instance, that the hero, unknown to the reader except by name until the end of the first volume, remains on a desert island to the close of the second. That the author has an uneasy consciousness that something more is expected of Fenton than he accomplishes, is to be seen by the following conversation. The wanderer is being interrogated as to his feelings during his exile:—

"But-but how did you feel," pursued one of his rapt auditors,

"No, no," said Fenton, that will do! I've given you the facts, you must make your own fiction out of them. And I think, while you're at it, you'd better get another hero."

better get another hero."

"Never!" exclaimed Jessie Butler, "we want you. And we want you to behave something like a hero, now. You can, if you will. Can't he, Helen?"

"I never can make him," said his wife fondly.

And neither can Mr. Howells, although he gives him every opportunity of distinguishing himself—a shipwreck, in which Fenton generously chooses to be left behind to avoid overloading the boat, the disappearance of two of his companions with another boat, their only means of escape, and, lastly, the death of the third, just at the critical moment when, the same boat having turned up promiscuously, they are about to leave the island. Then Fenton's return, to which we have been looking forward throughout the book, and which imperatively demands a scene to itself, is slurred over in a few words, as if it were a matter of no consequence. Mr. Howells is like one of those painters who keep their compositions low in tone, and hold positive colour in abhorence. This is all very well when he keeps to his earlier style of writing, but melodramatic incidents demand bolder work, and, as if he were aware that his customary fine stippling is inappropriate, he leaves the account of his hero's most thrilling adventures an unfinished sketch. Indeed, he seems to have thrown his brush at the canvas, in another part of his novel, where we read:—

One night she [the heroine] overheard through the thin partition that separated her chamber from Margaret's a tipsy threat from Margaret's husband that he was going to be master in his own house, and that he was going to turn that girl and her bonnets into the street. He went off to his work in the morning sullen and lowering, and she and Margaret could not look at each other. She fied to Boston for the day, which she passed in incoherent terror at Clara Kingsbury's; when she turned from this misery the next morning, and ventured back to Margaret's, an explosion at the glass-works, so opportune that it seemed to her for a black instant as if she were guilty of the calamity through which she escaped, had freed her from all she had to dread from Margaret's husband. This is the more startling as the victim of the catastrophe is only once before mentioned as a "very quiet body." It is refreshing, after this experience of Mr. Howells's later manner, to notice the examples, chiefly in the first volume, of that quiet humour, and that insight into feminine character, which have gained for him no small degree of praise in England, as well as in America. Helen Harkness, the heroine, is a very charming young woman; and Captain Butler, an old friend of her father's, who manages everything for her after the death of the latter, is capitally drawn. Helen's desolation, when she is left an orphan, is rendered greater by the fact that a letter, written by her to her lover Robert Fenton, has been misunderstood by him, and he has gone to sea for three years, thinking that she does not return his affection. Mr. Harkness having left his affairs in confusion, it becomes necessary to sell the house and furniture. The scene of the sale by auction is very amusing. The auctioneer's eyes shone with a gross, humorous twinkle, and his whole face expressed a reckshone with a gross, humorous twinkle, and his whole face expressed a reckshone with a gross, humorous twinkle, and his whole face expressed a reck-

shone with a gross, humorous twinkle, and his whole face expressed a reckless audacity and a willingness to take other people into the joke of life's being a swindle, anyway.

He opens the proceedings, and continues :-

"Going at thirteen, at thirteen—fourteen! This is something like, gentlemen; this is very good as a genteel relaxation; fourteen has its merits as part of the joke; but, gentlemen, we must not give too much time to it. We must come to business before long, we must indeed. I am willing to accept these ironical bids for the present, but—fifteen, did you say, Mr. Newell? Thank you for fifteen. I am offered fifteen, fifteen, fifteen, by an eminent American humorist; fifteen, fifteen, going at fifteen? Oh, come, gentlemen! Some one say twenty, and let the sale begin seriously."

There is a bid of five hundred, and he goes on :-

"Twenty thousand, five; twenty thousand, five. Now we are really warming to the work. We have reached the point at which blood begins to tell. Twenty thousand, five from Mr. Everton—do I hear the twenty-one? Yes, right again; i do hear the twenty-one, and from Mr. Newell, who redeems his reputation from the charge of elegant trilling, and twenty-two from Mr. White, who also perceives that the time for jesting is past."

Unfortunately for Helen, this persuasive functionary fancies he hears bids which have no foundation, save in his own lively fancy,

* A Woman's Reason. By W. D. Howells. 2 vols. Edinburgh:

with the result that later on the purchaser of the house demands five thousand dollars, of which he has been defrauded. As Helen insists on repaying the money to the uttermost farthing, she is compelled to earn her own living, and has some difficulty in obtaining employment. A friend tries to find literary work for her and interviews an editor:—

"I should suppose," said Cornelia grimly, "that you would know a great sal better than I do what she'd best try. I presume she could do most any

"That is the presumption in regard to all refined and cultivated peo till they prove the contrary—which they usually do at the first oppo-

till they prove the contrary—which they usually do at the list opportunity."

"I should think," pursued Cornelia, whose courage always rose in view of any but moral obstacles, "that she could write notices of books. Seems as if almost anybody could write them."

"Yes," assented the journalist, "it seems as if anybody did write the greater part of them." He took up some books from his tables. "Here are three novels, if she wants to try her hand on them, and she can review the batch together. That is the way we do. There's quite a range in these; one is an old writer of established fame, one has not quite proved himself yet, and one is unknown. You would naturally think that if such books are works of art they would go to people of experience and reflection for review, but that is a mistake; they go to people who can be the most flippant and impertinent about them, and we find, as a general rule, that the young ladies who write for us can be more flippant and impertinent than the young men."

However, Helen's career as a reviewer is cut short by an illness

than the young men."

However, Helen's career as a reviewer is cut short by an illness caused by the sight of a newspaper, containing the account of Fenton's shipwreck and supposed death. After her recovery she sets up as an aesthetic milliner, and goes to lodge with the old servant whose husband is afterwards blown up at the glass-works. Her friends becoming tired of buying her bonnets, she finds customers among girls of the working class, and succeeds better in this line. At this point the story begins to drag ominously. An English admirer of Helen's, Lord Rainford, who, as we hoped, had met with an accident, explosive or otherwise, reappears, and is rejected for the second time. He describes himself in the first volume:—

"I'll say that I believe I'm rather a serious man, at least I'm a heavy one; and when I attempt anything else, I—I know I'm disgusting—more disgusting than ordinarily."

Of course Fenton and Helen are married, and the story ends hap-pily, although we are not allowed to hear what the lovers said to pily, atthough we are not anowed to near what the lovers said to each other when they met after their long separation. It would have been more interesting had there been a little doubt as to what their ultimate fate might be; whereas from the first we know that Fenton will get off his island somebow. Mr. Howells allows the scaffolding of his edifice to be visible from the beginning, and he makes the wong mean year truly that he seared and he makes the young man say, very truly, that he seemed

the figment of some romancer's brain, with which the author was toying for the purposes of his plot, to be duly rescued and restored to the world when it should serve the exigency of the tale.

There were other times when the dreary sense of the hackneyed character of the situation overpowered him.

Every one knows Lord Byron's uncomplimentary answer to his wife, when she inquired "if she bored him?" Mr. Howells permits the reader to perceive that he is bored with writing, and that his hero finds the scenes allotted to him are wearisome, therefore he cannot be surprised if the public also finds A Woman's Reason rather tedious. The book is spoiled, moreover, by the perpetual straining after effect, and the effort to describe minute details, which is sometimes carried to the verge of grotesqueness. In delineating his heroine's little tricks of manner, Mr. Howells overshoots the mark, as will be seen by the following reason: overshoots the mark, as will be seen by the following passage:

Helen stooped a little sidewise and felt about her skirts with her left hand for the loop of her train, in that peculiar clawing and grappling manner which once had its fascination for the idle spectator.

manner which once had its fascination for the idle spectator.

The impression left by this book is a disappointing one. Better things might have been hoped for from the writer of A Foregone Conclusion. But A Woman's Reason has doubtless suffered from its author's style being in a state of transition. There is an upheaval of old methods and a trial of new ones, resulting in chaos, amid which we dimly discern ancient landmarks. That books cannot be written continuously on such slight foundation as an analysis of character devoid of incident, Mr. Howells has become aware. He has now to learn how to manage the more cumbrous machinery which he has called to his aid, and to remember that a novelist should aim, not only at giving a photographic picture of real life, but at throwing a glamour of truth over improbable events, and deluding the reader into believing them to be true to nature. Fiction requires a heightening of the colours, even as an actress in the glare of the footlights is compelled to add a touch of rouge to her complexion. Dramatic art consists in making the stage-world appear real, and imposing is compelled to add a touch of rouge to her complexion. Dramatic art consists in making the stage-world appear real, and imposing its gas and canvas upon the spectator as sunshine and trees; and so it is with regard to novel-writing. If a play were represented now, as it was in the days of Shakspeare, with a green curtain instead of scenes, its merits might not save it from being a failure; and, in like manner, a study of character, unassisted by accessories of narrative and description, will be read only by a few, and cannot therefore be thoroughly successful. But as Mr. Howells has already taken this into consideration, and has merely failed in shifting his scenes dexterously, it is possible that next time he may triumphantly steer his bark between the Scylla of dulness and the Charybdis of improbability.

SIR WILLIAM PALMER ON THE TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT.

A NEW edition published by the author with additional matter nearly doubling the bulk of the volume of a book which first appeared just forty years ago, and was itself the autobiographical retrospect, reaching over a considerable space of time, of a chief actor in a memorable epoch is one more remarkable example of the literary longevity which marks our time. But the wonder becomes greater when it is remembered that the writer had so completely disappeared from the public gaze as to have had his in memorium published by Mr. Mozley in his Reminiscences. Mr. William Palmer, "of Worcester College, Oxford," so designated on the title-page of 1843, and needing to be so called to distinguish him from a late eminent namesake of Magdalen, Lord Selborne's brother, afterwards became Sir William Palmer, though upon his recent title-page he is simply described as William Palmer. We shall, of course, speak of him by his title. Sir William Palmer was in point of date a little senior to Newman and Froude as a literary leader in the Church Revival, for his Origines Liturgice, begun in 1827 were published in 1832, the year before the Tracts for the Times began to appear. Though at a college in Oxford, he was not strictly of that University, having been incorporated from Dublin, where he had graduated. This circumstance goes far to explain the phenomenon of a leader whose expressed principle was united action having more than once had a difficulty in working cordially with colleagues. His Irish extraction also explains why Sir William Palmer's Churchmanship has been so consistently and abnormally anti-Roman, that he repeats in the portion of his book which dates from the present year his protest, contained in the pages of 1843, against Roman Catholic Emancipation as a national sin no less than a great political blunder. Yet the man who has never swerved from this now most singular position is a thinker of eminent ability and notable perspicuity, and absolutely devoid of sympathy for vulgar ultra-Protestant prepossessions.

perspicuity, and absolutely devoid of sympathy for vulgar ultra-Protestant prepossessions.

He might, in fact, be most aptly described—not that we have any reason for thinking that he would himself have accepted the appellation—as a High Church Orangeman or a 1688 Laudian, believing deeply in Protestant Ascendency, but interpreting Protestantism as embodying the hierarchical and sacramental principles of the Church of England. A man of such temperament, who had for years lived in the then unfashionable study of Christian antiquities was constituted to feel with acceptional who had for years lived in the then unfashionable study of Christian antiquities, was constituted to feel with exceptional acuteness the vilipending of old systems and the weakening of old safeguards (so graphically described by Mr. Mozley) which followed upon the changes of 1832, and in particular the material damage inflicted upon the Irish Church by the suppression of ten sees. He was also fortunate in finding a few men possessed with like fears and a similar desire to stay the plague with whom he could co-operate. But still the alliance was not perfect. Hugh James Rose, with whom Mr. Palmer seems to have most closely agreed, was of Cambridge, and almost unknown to Oxford, and with Keble, and later on Dr. Pusey, he seems to have had only slight communication; while the difference of feeling between him and the two great powers resident in Oxford, between him and the two great powers resident in Oxford Newman and Hurrell Froude, was from the first working underwere man and nurrent Froude, was from the first working underground. The two were Laudians without 1688, and their ideals were the Nonjurors. They had much to say for themselves on the score both of theology and sentiment; while the balance of practical sense rested with Mr. Palmer in his preference for the residuary Established Church.

But the chief difference in the sentiment is the sentiment of the sentiment of the sentiment is the sentiment.

tical sense rested with Mr. Palmer in his preference for the residuary Established Church.

But the chief difference consisted in the contrasted theories of action. Mr. Palmer liked committees and addresses; Mr. Newman the power of the pen wielded in solitude by the hand which trusted itself. The former accordingly was the main author and worker of those gigantic clerical and lay addresses to the Archbishop of Canterbury (a startling novelty half a century back) which were so potent a rally for Churchmen; and the latter, unaided, sprang to earth with the Tracts for the Times, a series which from the first only received a cold and restricted support from Mr. Palmer, who objected alike to the autocracy of the editor in choosing contributors and to the unchecked liberty of those anonymous contributors after they had been enlisted. Graver differences grew up as years went on, and Mr. Newman more and more markedly moved in the Romeward direction, even more openly in the British Critic, which he edited for some time, than in the Oxford Tracts, helped on as he was in the unfortunate course by the bigotry, ingratitude, and ignorance of those who might have given a different bias to his mind and movement. Mr. Palmer became less and less a man of action, and concentrated himself upon his important treatise on the Church of Christ, which is, we are glad to observe, to be reprinted. At last—after Tract XC. had been published, and discounted in the most unwise manner conceivable—in 1843, when, humanly speaking, the end could not be very far off, Mr. Palmer published in the Narrative, which is now reviewed with its freshpulveritien and manner conceivable—in 1843, when, humanly speaking, the end could not be very far off, Mr. Palmer published the Narrative, which is now reprinted, with its freshly-written Introduction and

As to the Introduction, it would have been better had the author cast the larger portion of it in the shape of notes to the Narrative, for much of its contents are, in fact, repeated from the earlier history, and the opinions are in most respects identical. The Supplement does not lay claim to being a résumé of revela-

A Narrative of Events connected with the Publication of the Tracts for the Times. With an Introduction and Supplement extending to the resent Time, by William Palmer. London: Rivingtons. 1883.

tions; but it is interesting and valuable as a rapid and broad precis of forty years of unusual ecclesiastical progress, contributed by one who has been content to change the rôle of actor for that of spectator, and who can, in consequence, afford to speak of contemporary events in a very dispassionate spirit. The conspicuous upshot is the acknowledgment running all through that things have been overruled to far brighter results than Mr. Palmer's original position could have justified him in anticipating.

original position could have justified him in anticipating.

Sir William Palmer has written, we presume, from memory, and as is natural in handling the events of so many years back, he is not always quite accurate in his details. For instance, the uninformed reader would infer from the following passage that the secessions of Archdeacons Wilberforce and Manning correspond in date with that of Mr. Newman, which occurred in the autumn of 1845:—

With Newman, or soon after, fell a few well-known clergy—Robert Wilberforce, Manning, and half a dozen other known names, and a handful of the aristocracy. About fifty clergy apostatized with them. The newspapers daily trumpeted forth their names. We could not tell how far the plague had spread. They might be the advanced guard of numberless secessions—perhaps of the mass of the nation, for all we could tell.

What was, however, the state of the case? The secession of the Newman knot—including Ward, Oakeley, and Faber—left the two Archdeacons where they were in the Church of England, and much trusted by those whose faith had not been shaken by the loss. Archdeacon Manning, indeed, occupied a rather prominent anti-Roman position, and did not pass over till early in 1851, under the combined influence of the Gorham and Papal Aggression agitations. Archdeacon Wilberforce held on still longer. His work on the Incarnation appeared in 1848, and the one upon the Eucharist in 1853, with his style as Archdeacon of the East Riding on the title-page, and then he dropped off in 1854. There is also considerable confusion about the times and events in the following passage, and as the episode to which it refers, though now somewhat forgotten, had important bearings upon the progress of the Church, we shall, as briefly as we can, state the actual facts, on which we happen to possess direct information. Referring to the Gorham judgment of the Privy Council, delivered in the spring of 1850, Sir William Palmer states:—

Objecting, as I did, to the principle adopted by the tribunal of determin-

Objecting, as I did, to the principle adopted by the tribunal of determining the question wholly by legal principles and interpretations, as if the Prayer Book was an Act of Parliament compiled by lawyers, and not a theological and Christian formulary, I took part against the decision, and joined in a meeting called to protest against it in 1850; but so great was the jealousy at that time existing against the Romanizing tendencies, of which Pusey was apparently a patron, that when a proposal was made that an organization should be formed to oppose future judgments of the same nature, as it was understood that Pusey was to be at the head of the movement, it was felt necessary that the new organization should afford guarantees for its fidelity to the Church of England by repudiating Romanism. This proposal was warmly supported by Churchmen, among whom I may name Mr. W. H. Hoare, Dr. Biber, and Archdeacon Denison. It was opposed by Pusey and his party. In the meeting which took place in 1850 I was put forward to advocate the plan. It was opposed by Pusey and Keble (who was brought up from the country against it) and was rejected by a majority, upon which we, as previously agreed, seceded, and formed a separate organization on anti-Roman principles. Its chief leaders were Mr. W. H. Hoare, one of the most eminent men and devoted Churchmen of his time, and Dr. Biber, who was originally German, but whose great ability and energetic zeal inspired full confidence, and entitled him to bear a part in Hoare's work.

The truth is that this double organization of the High Church body had come into being before the Gorham judgment and under circumstances no way connected with any anticipation of it. Certain active Churchmen had come to the conviction that united and systematic action in London was essential for their cause, and in May, 1849 they formed, under the direct patronage of Bishop Blomfield, of London, a Society styled the London Union on Church Matters. Mr. Henry (not "W. H.," as Sir William Palmer terms him) Hoare at first belonged to the body; but on his insisting—rightly or wrongly is not a question which can now be dogmatically settled—that the revival of Convocation should be proclaimed as a plank in its original platform, and the London Union not seeing, purely on opportunist considerations, its way to doing so at the time, for in its eyes the prominence of a defensive policy was paramount—he left it, and with some friends, including Dr. Biber and Mr. Palmer himself, who again roused himself to action, he formed a rival Society, named the Metropolitan Church Union, to supplant, not supplement, the earlier one. The two Unions were tully organized and following their respective courses when, in the spring of 1850, the Gorham judgment startled Churchmen; and the two societies, laying aside any mischievous rivalry, united in organizing the great meeting which was to protest against that decision, and which came off on July 23, 1850, in St. Martin's Hall, under Mr. Hubbard's chairmanship, with a second overflow meeting in Freemasons' Hall, over which Lord Feilding (now Lord Denbigh) was called to preside. This nobleman had three years before given what seemed sufficient pledges of the anti-Roman complexion of his Churchmanship by standing for the University of Cambridge against the old and distinguished member, Mr. Goulburn, whose only offence had been that he had as a member of Sir Robert Peel's Government supported the endowment of Maynooth. It was well known that Lord Feilding had been the choice for Chairman of

forward that policy of a distinct anti-Roman pledge, as a necessary element of united High Church action, to which the author refers. But, so far were they from agitating it as the basis of any new Society, that Mr. Palmer chose as his battle-field a Society older than either the London or the Metropolitan Union. Through the energy and ability of some of its residents and neighbours, Bristol possessed in its Church Union an organization of High Churchmen only second in influence to those of London, and owning many members in common with them. It was in this body that Mr. Palmer gave notice of his test, and the battle was fought in Bristol at a grand field-day, upon October 1, 1850, the motion being supported by Mr. Palmer, Mr. Hoare, Dr. Biber, and Mr. (now Archdeacon) Denison; while Dr. Pussey was most prominent among its opponents, not from any love of Romanism, but from dislike of superfluous and unauthorized tests above those which the Church itself imposes. Speaking generally, the London and the Metropolitan elements took the respective sides. The victory lay, as the book says, with the opponents; but, little as any there knew it, Plus IX. had two days before signed the Brief creating his new English hierarchy, which soon swept away in a wild hurricane of national insanity the minor troubles of rival Church Unions, while in no long time the uncongenial Metropolitan Union virtually changed itself into a useful and uppugnacious Society for the Revival of Convocation, in working which Mr. Hoare did service for the Church for which his memory will be always gratefully remembered. The London Union had a longer existence. Soon after the Bristol meeting it lost the favour of Bishop Blomfield from the comfort which it gave to Mr. Bennett and other clergymen in their persecution under mob violence, hounded on by Lord John Russell's Durham Letter, in consequence of the very moderate ceremonial advance which they ventured to make. But the Society continued to do much useful work in various ways till it was deserted b

the choice of a policy.

Sir William Palmer dwells sympathetically upon the revival of synodal action with lay co-operation; not only, that is, in the legal shape of Convocation, but with full appreciation of the good work of voluntary but systematic bodies such as Church Congresses and Conferences; and his pages treating of the revival of pastoral diligence are a well-selected array of facts. But from the pugnacious side of the history, the various doctrinal and ceremonial suits and the hostile phalanxes of English Church Union and Church Association, he turns away with evident distaste, while—and at this we wonder—he has nothing to say upon the Apologia pro Vitā Suā, in which his labours are commemorated, the Irish Disestablishment, the Old Catholic movement, or Mr. Mozley. Nor can the narrative be accepted as an adequate record of Church progress from its deficiency of reference to the literary and journalistic activity of Anglicanism during our generation, or to the ecclesiological developments in parish churches and cathedrals. We cannot more pleasantly take leave of Sir William Palmer than by quoting the estimate which long and quiet years of observation have lad him to form of the Ritualistic phenomenon. We

We cannot more pleasantly take leave of Sir William Palmer than by quoting the estimate which long and quiet years of observation have led him to form of the Ritualistic phenomenon. We should have hardly anticipated so calm and tolerant and broad a view from a Churchman of his rigid antecedents and pronounced opinions, and our conclusion is that, if he has reached such convictions, they may be safely accepted by the large mass of his countrymen to whom 1829 is not an epoch of national disgrace and downfall. He unconsciously exaggerates the antiquity of accentuated "Ritualism" in his "thirty years," but this makes no difference to the argument:—

accentuated "Ritualism" in his "thirty years," but this makes no difference to the argument:—

If Ritualism, then, means an intention to join the Church of Rome, or adopt its system, it is deserving of prosecution. But can such a charge be now sustained against Ritualism? Ritualism is a system which, whether originally right or wrong, has preserved for above thirty years its adhesion to the Church of England as a true branch of Christ's holy Catholic Church. Is not a trial of thirty years' standing enough to prove that it is bond fide attached to the Church of England, and has no arriers pease of joining the Church of Rome? What was there to prevent Ritualists from joining that Church long since on a large scale, when they would have been eagerly received? Simply because they believed the Church of England to be a true Church, and rejected the primary article of the Church of Rome—the Papal supremacy, on which everything else depends. Accordingly, they have been most fiercely attacked by the Ultramontanes for not joining the Church of Rome, and they have withstood all these appeals. The Romanists see that Ritualism revives the Non-juring, not the Roman system. Moreover, there is no development. They are not a step nearer the Church of Rome than thirty years since. The doctrines they taught thirty years since they teach still. The ritual of thirty years ago is practised still. Therefore, I say, that they have by time been acquitted of all Romish designs against the Church of England, and if so, and if ceremonies are in themselves indifferent, I do not see on what grounds it is necessary to adopt measures for expelling the Ritualists from the Church. The real charge against them is at an end. . . The object of the opponents is to force a ceremonial on the Ritualists at the hazard of driving bodies of men out of the Church—possibly wasker brethren—but nevertheless brethren—who the Church can ill spare. . . . I am not pretending to vindicate all that is said or done by the Ritualists. I know that there is, a small

THE MYTH OF KIRKR.

THOUGH Mr. Brown calls his book The Myth of Kirké: an Homerik Study, we mean to speak of "the fair disastrous daughter of the Sun" as Circe, and to spell "Homerik" Homeric. Mr. Brown's spelling is like that of Leconte de Lisle, concerning which Théophile Gautier politely remarked that it would be simpler to write in Greek at once. As to Mr. Brown's examination of the character and legend of Circe, we are constrained to say that, with all his industry, he is following a false trail and mythologizing on a mistaken method. Mr. Brown reasons on what he calls "the natural phenomena theory." In his opinion (if we do not misunderstand him) the incidents in the Odyssey are mostly veiled statements about processes among the larger atmo-(if we do not misunderstand him) the incidents in the Odyssey are mostly veiled statements about processes among the larger atmospheric phenomena, day, night, moonshine, and so forth, and it is his object to interpret the original meaning of the narrative. The wanderings of the hero "are capable of an absolute and satisfactory explanation in every detail." The "apparent inconsistencies" in the character of Circe are "explained fully by the natural phenomena theory and by that alone." To our minds the "apparent inconsistencies" are more readily explained by the theory that "souvent femme varie," and that there is a great deal of the woman left in the goddess. Besides, Homer had a popular conception of Circe as a witch to work upon, and he refined on that conception in his accustomed style. But we must return to "the natural phenomena theory."

Among the myths of all peoples many are indubitably con-

refined on that conception in his accustomed style. But we must return to "the natural phenomena theory."

Among the myths of all peoples many are indubitably connected with natural phenomena, for the very good reason that of these phenomena they are an early explanation. The majority of the myths of civilized and uncivilized races are nothing more than the crudest early attempts at science. Man wishes to know why the sun moves regularly in his course. Having no scientific method to guide him but analogy, and no knowledge beyond his own sensations and perceptions, and his inference that all things are animated like himself, he concludes that the sun is a man or other animal. Among the Greeks he is a man in a chariot, among the Aztecs a man who jumped into a furnace, among the Bushmen a man who radiates light from under his arm, among the Eskimo a woman who throws ashes at her brother the moon, among the Bulgarians a man capable of wooing and marrying a mortal girl, among the Red Indians and Maoris a man (or a beast) who once wandered at will over heaven, but was caught, beaten, and made to keep on one regular path by a human hero. The stars, the winds, the dawn, are all in mythology persons, with human passions, and their movements are explained on that hypothesis. On the same theory are founded the explanatory myths about birds, beasts, fishes, trees, plants, rocks, and everything else. All are endowed, or have been endowed, with the life and personality which man feels to be his own. In addition to these myths, which are really rough guesses at science, all peoples have myths purely romantic. The romantic myths are the these myths, which man feels to be his own. In addition these myths, which are really rough guesses at science, all oples have myths purely romantic. The romantic myths are the rhiest novels of the race. They were not invented to explain ything in nature. They are narratives formed by different earliest novels of the race. They were not invented to explain anything in nature. They are narratives formed by different arrangements of a small common stock of incidents, those incidents being often such as cannot really occur, though they are deemed possible, and even usual, by early man. Thus, we cannot really visit, while alive, the homes of the dead, nor can we turn our enemies into beasts. But the belief in both possibilities has been entertained by all races. Red men, Melanesians, New Caledonians, Eskimo, can all show, in their own clan, persons who have actually visited the abode of the departed spirits, like Er in the Platonic myth, like the Monk of Evesham, like Dante, who only used the ancient idea that such visits are not uncommon. Again, used the ancient idea that such visits are not uncommon. Again, every savage race believes that its sorcerers can change men and women into beasts. The belief is still prevalent in Egypt, and in Ireland, where a Parliamentary Committee once discovered that a peasant had voted with the priest's party, because the priest had threatened to change him into a goat. Now the story of Odysseus is a romantic myth, framed by an artistic and elaborate composition of old fanciful incidents improbable or impossible, but conceived by the untutored races to be by no means of unusual occurrence. In the Odyssey, Circe represents the power of all savage witches and medicine-men. She can and does metamorphose human beings into animals. Odysseus, again, like the Eskimo Angekok, the Australian Birraurk, the Red Indian Jossakeed, and the rest of the heroes of savagery, does actually used the ancient idea that such visits are not uncommon. Again Jossakeed, and the rest of the heroes of savagery, does actually visit the dead, paying them the sacrifice of the black sheep, which they still receive among the Ovshereros in Africa. There is no mystery or mysticism about the matter.

Mr. Brown is as far as possible from accepting this view or examining the myth in the light of this theory. To him the myths are an allegorical representation of certain natural phenomene.

examining the myth in the light of this theory. To min the layous are an allegorical representation of certain natural phenomena. The myths do not contain the "reason why," the guess at a cause of the movements of the phenomena, which we have shown to be common. On the other hand, the myths are a highly poetical and veiled statement of these movements and processes. They do not explain, they merely record what happens in the sky. Of course, exiled statement of these movements and processes. They do not explain, they merely record what happens in the sky. Of course, before accepting this point of view, we must ask Mr. Brown what was the mental condition of the men who stated their observations of phenomena in this peculiar poetical way. Mr. Brown intends his studies of mythology to be contributions to "archaic psychology." His researches into archaic psychology have led him to believe that the inventors of myths intended Atlas for a "per-

sonification of that power which sustains heaven above earth in kosmic order." (By the way, Mr. Brown, if he writes "Homerik," should write "kosmik.") It thus appears that the conception of "kosmic order" was part of archaic psychology. And by kosmic order it seems that Mr. Brown means "the harmony of the world in its varied round of day, night, week, month, season, and year." The archaic intellects which owned this conception must have been numable advanced. Certainly And by kosmic order it seems that are also also the world in its varied round of day, night, week, month, season, and year." The archaic intellects which owned this conception must have been unusually advanced. Certainly many races which have never reached such modern and abstract ideas possess myths just like those of the Greeks. Perhaps Mr. Brown will say that the ancestors of Bushmen and Australians and Eskimo were penetrated with the idea of "kosmic order," and thereon founded myths which survive where the original theory of "the harmony of the world" is lost. But this hypothesis would demand a great deal of proof, which it is scarcely possible to give. Here is another example of what "archaic psychology" was. We have observed that myths are full of transformations of men into beasts. We have explained this as a survival of the belief that men can, and actually do, metamorphose each other. This belief, again, depends on the universal savage idea that all things—animate and inanimate, as we call them—are really on one level of animism, personality, and intelligence. That opinion we take to be a phase of archaic psychology. But the power to transform men (a power actually possessed by

savage idea that all things—animate and inanimate, as we call them—are really on one level of animism, personality, and intelligence. That opinion we take to be a phase of archaic psychology. But the power to transform men (a power actually possessed by every piay, jossakeed, birraark, and angekok) is, in Mr. Brown's opinion, "merely the effect of the night upon the diurnal powers." He has convinced himself that Circe is the "round moon," and therefore that the magical power which she shares with naked, or feather-clad, or fur-clad magicians is "merely the effect of the night upon diurnal powers." Thus it seems that archaic psychology not only possessed the wide conception of diurnal powers, but actually based its theory of human accomplishments on what it observed of the diurnal powers and the night.

We may now give a more detailed account of Mr. Brown's ideas about Circe, though much of his statement must necessarily be omitted. Circe and Calypso are merely variant phases of the same great power. Calypso is "the lunar and stellar nocturnal sky." Odysseus is the melancholy and vanquished sun, and in his residence in the cave of Calypso he "mourns for his Dawn-bride," that is Penelope. Now has Mr. Brown any example to give of human beings who thought thus about the sun and the night, and who apparently never thought about the sun and the night, and who apparently never thought about anything else? And does the sun usually stay eight years (as Odysseus did with Calypso) in the cave of the nocturnal sky? If Mr. Brown will read again the early books of the Preparatio Evangelica of Eusebius, he will see how the good father handled "the natural phenomena theory" when put forward by heathen apologists. "They have each of them a different 'natural phenomena theory," cries Eusebius, obôè yàp ἀλλήλοις σύμφωνα φυτολογοῦσι. This charge is still true; Mr. Müller and his school φυτολογοῦσι in one way, and see sun and dawn everywhere; Schwartz and his friends φυσιολογοῦτι in another way, and explain the same myths by seein

inds for the myths precisely the "physical phenomena" explanation which he chances to prefer. As it was in the days of Eusebius, so it is now. And the good father's other argument still holds good:—"Your ancestors, who believed these myths, knew nothing of the 'physical phenomena theory." The physical phenomena theory. The physical phenomena theory. The physical phenomena theory have a sused in the time of Eusebius, reflects modern psychology and modern ideas of what archaic psychology should have been—not real archaic psychology at all. "How can the sun," asks Eusebius, "be Apollo, and Herakles, and Dionysus, and Asclepius," and (had he read Mr. Brown he would have added) Odysseus? Mr. Brown's arguments to prove Odysseus the "Cave-Sun" are something like this—"The Cave-Sun appears again in the person of Mithra-Mithras, wherever Mithra was known they propitiated the god in a cave; Mithra was the sun, Mithra was propitiated in a cave; Odysseus lived in a cave, therefore Odysseus is the sun; and so we presume was Robinson Crusoe, who had a cave of his own.

Just as Eusebius found that the friends of the "natural phenomena theory" never agreed among themselves, so Mr. Brown proves that they do not agree now. Having determined that Calypso is the nocturnal sky and Circe the round moon, he attacks Mr. Keary, who sees in both ladies the "natural phenomenon" called Death. For our own part we feel convinced that there is a great deal to be said on both sides. And now comes in philology. Mr. Keary, regarding Circe as "very death itself," derives her name from κίρκη, the hawk, a very fearful and deathly wild fowl. This is not, however, Mr. Keary's notion. He takes Circe from the "root krik, to make a grating noise." But Mr. Brown will none of this. Kiρκη, the hawk, is only "the bird that flies in circles" (compare Skr. cacras), the fowl die im Schweben Kreise macht. Mr. Brown partly derives Circe from κερκίς, a word with several meanings. Doederlein, again, seems to prefer to derive Circe from κερκίτα in compare

^{*} The Myth of Kirkê: an Homerik Study. By Robert Brown, Junior, F.S.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1383.

supremely appropriate to the concept that it supplies a second nearing." Then what about the isle of Ææa? That "must be meaning." Then what about the isle of Æme? That "must be merely the moon island, a reduplication of the moon goddess. Circe is the moon, Æma is the moon, and the sun (Odysseus) lives in the moon with the moon! All this is a little mixed. But lo, Sir Henry Rawlinson says that the Chaldman title of the moon is phonetically AI. AI recurs in Alaún, the name of the isle of Circe," and Mr. Gerald Massey, too, "compares the Accadian aa 'moon,' father,' with the Kemic aah 'moon." Ah, does he? But Mr. Brown ought to know better than to invoke the aid of so vague a philologist as Mr. Gerald Massey. Mr. Brown's conclusion is, "we had arrived from totally different considerations at the conclusion that AIA must be simply the moon. Ethnology and philology here step in and certify the fact," and Mr. Brown thinks that the result "must be regarded as a demonstration."

The demonstration is this:—
Mr. Brown thinks that Aia must be the moon.

Mr. Brown thinks that Aia must be the moon.
The name Aia is found in Colchis.
Professor Sayce finds Colchians "as soldiers of the Hittites."
Thus the Hittites were connected with Turanian inhabitants of

Western Asia.

These Turanians have a cuneiform sign for the moon which is (according to Sir H. Rawlinson) "phonetically Ai."

Here, then, is an Accadian sign, Ai, standing for the moon, and here is a Greek name Ææa, for an island which Mr. Brown thinks is the moon. And this is "demonstration" "that AIA must be simply the moon." If this be science, why science is much where Bryant left her. Homer says Circe was daughter of the sun; he appears to have forgotten that Odysseus (being the sun) was at once her father and her lover.

Mr. Brown makes many more lunar discoveries. The very stag

es many more lunar discoveries. The very stag Mr. Brown mal Mr. Brown makes many more lunar discoveries. The very stag which Odysseus killed in the isle is somehow a representative of the "nocturnal powers." Circe cannot weave her web, like Helen and other ladies, but the web must be "the kosmic veil." The very armchair of the goddess "demands a word of notice in connexion with her lunar and Euphratean character." Her power of mortal speech shows that she was "an integral part of the general system of things." The plant Moly leads Mr. Brown into an expedition among "the Hittites of Kappadokia"; and he concludes that moly is—who could believe it!—"the stars." The sun (Odysseus) goes about with the stars in his hand, especially the dog-star. The fact that Circe taught Odysseus to tie a knot "is one of the many indications of her non-Aryan character"—as if Aryans could not tie a knot.

It becomes fatiguing to follow these odd wanderings of specu-

if Aryans could not tie a knot.

It becomes fatiguing to follow these odd wanderings of speculation. Mr. Brown appears to hold that not only are the incidents of the Odyssey originally derived from poetical theories of the heavens, but that in many of the minute details of human life which the poem contains a solar or lunar allegory lies hidden. When does he suppose the "archaic psychology" flourished? and how long before the composition of the poem? Mr. Brown also is inclined to believe that coincidences between Greek and Chaldean myths are the result of borrowing. But he will find as

how long before the composition of the poem? Mr. Brown also is inclined to believe that coincidences between Greek and Chaldean myths are the result of borrowing. But he will find as close coincidences with the mythology of Greece in the legends of Madagascar, Melanesia, Mangaia, the Bushmen, the Australiāns, the Iroquois, the Finns, and the Japanese, most of whom had little connexion with "Euphratean" religions and peoples.

Before parting with Mr. Brown, let us give just one more sample of his method of reasoning. We have seen that moly (μῶλν), which Seiler connects with μωλίω, entkräften, is a star in Mr. Brown's system. Why? Well, Apuleius Barbarus says that "wild rue was called moly by the Kappadocians" Rue is a magical plant in folk-lore, and there we might stop. But Mr. Brown goes much further. What language did the Cappadocians speak? Even Professor Sayce does not know. But Professor Sayce speaks of Hittites of Kappadokia. Now "probably" the language of the Hittites was "allied to Proto Aryan." The Cappadocians wrote in cuneiform character at an early period, and Mr. Pinches thinks that the neighbourhood of Cappadocia may have been the home of the Accadian race. This does not seem to throw much light on moly, but it enables Mr. Brown conjecturally to connect Cappadocia with Accadia; and, as the Cappadocians spoke of moly, he connects moly with Accadia. Hence, he again infers (and he says that he has "linguistic and historical justifications" for it!) that moly is an Accadian word whose meaning was unknown to Homer. Now, what does moly mean in Accadia? Mr. Brown actually does not know. But he does hold that some flowers have names connected with the sun, that daisy (e.g.) in English means "day's eye = sun." And he infers that moly must have been a stellar flower name in Accadian.

Of course anything may be proved by reasoning of this kind, and by conjectures which are based on another series of conjectures, which, again, have no real bearing on the subject. Mythology thus pursued is a mere series of arb

THE CRUISE OF THE ALERT.

THIS vessel was commissioned by the Admiralty in 1878 to survey the Straits of Magellan, certain reefs and islands in the Southern Pacific, and parts of the Northern and Western coasts

of Australia. When, like the ship in Tom Hood's ballad, the Alert had been to places underneath the world, and after an exploration of four years, had furled all her sails, it was natural that some one should write a book. Doubtless there is an official record kept at the Admiralty of errors discovered and omissions rectified in charts and surveys made by the ships Adventure and Beagle nearly sixty years ago, and by the Nassau in 1866. But something else is due to the public besides records, however useful to steamers and sailing vessels; and no one could be better fitted than Dr. Coppinger to put into a readable shape the result of his investigations as a naturalist and his impressions of strange scenery and savage men. Of the author in his former capacity it would be almost presumptuper to speak. Every nage at tests his method and savage men. Of the author in his former capacity it would be almost presumptuous to speak. Every page attests his method and his practical familiarity with the fauna and flora of tropical and temperate climes. And those who do not meddle with zoology will derive benefit from his descriptions of places not yet invaded by the tourist, such as Smyth's Channel, Tom Bay, Lizard Island, and the Isle des Roches. The Alert did nothing in a hurry. Twice she paid a long visit to Patagonian waters. If an anchorage was bad, the commander very soon exchanged it for another. Plenty of spare time was found for dredging and fishing with drift-nets and hand-lines, for dragging the tow-net when the ship was sailing, and for making excursions into regions rarely trodden except by Chilian traders and French adventurers. Then Dr. Coppinger has judiciously compressed his remarks about such well-known places as Sydney and Singapore into the briefest space. Two and a half months spent at the latter and three months at the former place are got over in almost as many lines, and there is no yielding to the landsman's snare or to the temptation to describe a hurricane in the Chinese waters, and a white squall, accompanied by a fall of snow, in a narrow part of the tion to describe a hurricane in the Chinese waters, and a white squall, accompanied by a fall of snow, in a narrow part of the Straits of Magellan. We conclude that the Alert displayed a good deal of agility in rolling with a sea on the beam; but the four years of surveying ended without a mishap and with no inconsiderable addition to geographical accuracy. Again, Dr. Coppinger wisely abstains from hasty and superficial views on politics. Once there is an allusion to the construction of public works. works in Chili; and on the subject of the Fiji Islands we are told that Sir Arthur Gordon has wisely retained old native laws and customs as far as practicable, and has confirmed the old feudal privileges of such native chiefs as displayed integrity and ad-

privileges of such native chiefs as displayed integrity and administrative skill. But it would be difficult from these and a few other passages to hit off the exact politics of the author.

From a narrative which includes such remote places as Santiago and Coquimbo, the Seychelles, Tahiti and the Tonga Islands, the Fuegian waters and Torres Straits, we shall select the account of the two latter as the most instructive and interesting. The Evergians are required to the second of the two latter as the most instructive and interesting. Fuegian waters and Torres Straits, we shall select the account of the two latter as the most instructive and interesting. The Fuegians are generally as diminutive as the Patagonians are tall, and the former pine and shiver under a miserable climate of mist and rain, while the latter enjoy invigorating sunshine and a clear blue sky. Other explorers have divided the Fuegians into six tribes; but, as far as we can make out, they are all on the same low level of primitive barbarity. They show coarse hair, loose joints, white teeth, and a malignant expression. They live mainly on mussels and limpets, varied by an occasional otter or seal. Though the rainfall averages about a hundred and fifty inches in the year, which is exactly that of the Hill station of Darjeeling in the Himalayas, and though the Fuegians seem very sensitive to cold, they have not yet learned to clothe themselves suitably against the fog and mist. The women are quite ready to exchange their mantles of skin—their only protection—for tobacco which they can neither chew nor smoke. The men have spears to catch fish and to kill seals, and even axes made of scraps of the metal picked up from wrecks or procured by barter. Once only did Dr. Coppinger find a stone axehead. They are believed to bury their dead in holes or caves, and to eat human flesh in times of scarcity. Of their treachery there can be no doubt, as there is evidence to prove that, without any provocation, they have made violent attacks on unsuspecting traders. It is fair to state that one tribe, the Tekeenicas, have made some advance in civilization, constructing conical huts, using bows and arrows and slings, and making light canoes. And there is a tion, they have made violent attacks on unsuspecting traders. It is fair to state that one tribe, the Tekeenicas, have made some advance in civilization, constructing conical huts, using bows and arrows and slings, and making light canoes. And there is a curious sketch of what is termed a "portage"—that is, a sort of rough causeway of timbers intended to facilitate the conveyance of canoes overland from one channel to another. With some trouble Dr. Coppinger managed to compile a vocabulary of forty-nine words in the Fuegian tongue, besides the names of five children, one of which is seven syllables long, Ilchabesakodotis. It was doubtless a difficult task to commit the Fuegian dialect to writing, as the natives were often suspicious and grunted or grimaced, or merely repeated the gesture or ejaculation of the questioner; but we should have been glad of a few pronouns and a verb or two. The vocabulary consists merely of nouns or names of things—eye, hair, spear, paddle, and limpet, and others in common use. Names of actions, called verbs by grammarians, are fully as important as the parts of the human frame or the primitive implements of a naked and mendacious savage. The climate of this inhospitable region is for the twelvemonth as unlovely as its aborigines. Springtime or October was as cold and ungenial as the autumn of March and April. Mountains were snow-clad at one thousand feet, and there was a constant flow of vapour from the Southern Ocean. Waterfowl breed here in great numbers; oyster-catchers and brent geese, and what are called the steamer ducks from their leaving a track like that of a vessel behind them. All this moisture is, moreover, favourable to cryptogamous plants, "ferns, mossees, and hepaticæ abound, clothing the stems of deal All this moisture is, moreover, favourable to cryptogamous plants, "ferns, mosses, and hepaticæ abound, clothing the stems of dead

[•] Cruise of the Alert: Four Years in Patagonian, Polynesian, and Mascarene Waters [1878-82]. By R. W. Coppinger, M.D., Staff-Surgeon Royal Navy, C.M.Z.S. With Sixteen Full-Page Woodcat Illustrations, from Photographs by F. North, R.N., and from Sketches by the Author. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1883.

and living trees, and occupying every shady nook and crevice." The summits of the lower ranges of hills are clothed with brush-wood, and the sides are composed of a sod more or less compact, which rests on "a dense network of interlacing roots," and forms "a spongy mass of tangled vegetation." Prospects of improvement anywhere in these Southern regions seem very vague and indefinite. The author talks hopefully of a part of Western Patagonia as favourable to the settler. Coal has been found near Skyring Water, and a Company formed at Buenos Ayres works mines there under the direction of a French engineer. But there were no customers to buy the coal, and though the seam was at no great depth below the surface and the colour good, it was not well adapted for sea-going vessels, as it clogged the fires. Some was, however, bought for the Alert at 1l. per ton. A map of the various channels, bays, and stations of this part of the survey would have been a valuable addition to the letterpress, for ordinary publications give little or no assistance in tracing the course of the vessel.

A considerable time was spent at Torres Straits, and the Alert was anchored for four months in the neighbourhood of Thursday Island. The Australian aborigines do not seem to be much more advanced than the Fuegians. They have huts made of a few boughs, and they hardly seem to appreciate blankets. They are, however, very expert in the use of the boomerang, which the adults throw with its concave side foremost; and even children, in practising with shorter pieces of stick, can make them wheel in the air and return to the feet of the thrower. Some drawings by the dwellers on Clack Island, mentioned by Mr. Cunningham of the Beagle in 1821, were still in existence. They were in good preservation, and are exactly what a sharp child of six or eight years old would put on paper as his idea of a turtle or a steamer. The natives of Torres Straits, the author holds, are Papuans from their features. The use of the boomerang has been acquired from the Australian aborigines. Thursday Island is the port of the pearl-fishing of the Straits, and the divers are called "Kanakas," this term including Malays, Fijians, natives of the New Hebrides, and Polynesians. It is satisfactory to be told that, when fitted with diving dresses, the Kanakas could stay longer under water than whites; and there is a magistrate with a staff of policemen at Thursday Island to keep order, and, we apprehend, to prevent cruelty and oppression. The pearls obtained seem poor in quality and sell for a price which varies from 100l. to 300l. per ton. Now and then a specimen is found as big as a hazel-nut, but the majority are of the size of peas and millet seeds. We note that, though the scene of the fishery is within Queensland, the capital which works the industry is supplied by New South Wales. Neither Port Darwin nor Palmerston seems to have made much progress. The former was founded only in 1872, and, were it not for the gold-fields to which 6,000 Chinamen have been attracted, it would hardly require a staff of surveyors for the Land Department and a gao

progress. The former was founded only in 1872, and, were it not for the gold-fields to which 6,000 Chinamen have been attracted, it would hardly require a staff of surveyors for the Land Department and a gaol. The Inspector with mounted police, and a doctor are of course necessities. A very good picture of the aborigines of this part of Australia fails to bring out certain scars, horizontal and vertical, produced by horrible incisions on the arms, chest, and abdomen. But, in spite of these ghastly decorations and a white stick, like a pipe-stem, inserted in the nose, men and women appeared "cheerful, happy, and contented with their lot."

The Seychelles, owing to steam communication between Aden and the Mauritius, are comparatively well known. The term "Mascarene Waters" applied to this part of the trip is, we think, derived from Mascarenhas, who, with Cerne, was one of the first explorers or settlers in the Isle of France. For nearly one hundred years the Seychelles have belonged to England, but most of the land is in the possession of the descendants of early French settlers. Mahó, the chief island, has a population of more than 11,000, leaving only 3,000 for all the others. On one island, that of Praslin—so called, we imagine, from a title of the French nobility—is found the double cocoa-nut or coco-de-mer. The tree is unisexual, and the reproductive portion of the male plant must be made to follow the female tree if introduced into other islands. But the cocoa-nut trade has been ruined by a destructive worm, and the efforts of settlers are now more directed to the cultivation of coffee and vanilla. Bird Island, only half a mile long and a quarter broad, is the breeding place of gannets, terns, and egrets in abundance, and their tameness was quite shocking to Dr. Coppinger. The Amirante group, near the mainland of Africa, supplied the explorers with coral, sponges, and some pretty shooting in the shape of red-legged partridges, sea birds, and domestic fowls which had become wild and evidently resembled the j

Altogether the account of a long cruise in which the claims of science had to be combined with attention to order and discipline, leaves a favourable impression, and Dr. Coppinger, if he explodes one or two old theories, never gives way to eager depreciation of others or arrogant self-assertion. The connexion of the petrel with a coming storm he justly treats as an idle story. These birds were most seen in calm weather, basking in the sunshine and

feeding on garbage thrown overboard. In fact, their appearance as prophets of evil rests on no better foundation than the Anglo-Indian belief that the adjutant bird is only seen near military cantonments. Both the petrel and the Cape pigeon follow ships by night as well as by day; are seen in the moonlight, and can then be caught by line and book. Cormorants grunted like pigs near the Straits of Magellan, and built their nests in trees as well as on ledges of rocks. But it is not easy to give a clear view of the author's attainments in zoology, and botany, and natural history, except by selecting out of many such notices as the following. "We dredged," he says, "obtaining several species of Comatulas, two or three Asterophytons, Startishes, Ophiurids, Echini of the genera Salmacis and Goniccidaris, small Holothurians, many species of Annelids, two or three sponges, a great variety of handsome Gorgoniæ, Hydroids of the group Sertularia and Plumularia, Polyzoa of the genera Eschara, Retepora, Myriozoum, Cellepora, Biflustra, Salicornaria, Crisia, Strupocellaria, Amakia, and Crustaceans of the genera Myra, Hiastemis, Lambris, Alpheus, Huenia, and many others."

SCIENTIFIC DIET.

It will be seen by the list of books at the foot of this article that English people cannot complain of any lack of advice upon the subject of the food they eat. That list, indeed, by no means exhausts the supply, for in The Science of Food some dozen more are referred to. Nobody can doubt the utility of information concerning the dietetic value of different articles of food, and we can only hope that the great quantity of wisdom which cries aloud in the streets on this subject is not disregarded. It occurs to us, however, that to the average man it will be difficult to label in his mind the food which is nitrogenous, or flesh-forming, the food which is carbonaceous, or heat-giving, and the food which is both nitrogenous and carbonaceous, and still more difficult to keep in his memory the percentages of the constituents of each kind. We can imagine a thoughtful man poring over the half-dozen articles of food on his plate at dinner, and trying to recollect the component parts of each:—"This is a potato; it has 75 per cent. of water and 15 per cent. of starch. Starch is turned into sugar by the act of mastication; therefore a potato, in reality, is nearly all water and sugar. This is cabbage; it contains 92 per cent. of water and 4 per cent. of starch; and, therefore, it also must be nearly all sugar and water. Eau sucrée may not be so very contemptible, after all. This is mutton; it contains 44 per cent. of water, the rest is fibrin and albumen, representing 22 per cent. of nitrogenous and 14 per cent. of carbonaceous food with some mineral salts." If this kind of thing went on throughout dinner, we fear the contemplative man would be but a dull companion to his neighbour, who, if she is not learned, will eat and drink with a happy contempt of science; or, in the alternative, the conversation might turn upon percentages, which would, perhaps, be an improvement upon some topics not infrequently discussed, but whether it were interesting or not would depend a good deal upon the temperament of the parties. We have

The order in which we have placed our bocks is not the order of merit, or even alphabetical order, for which there is often a just preference, but the order of date as far as it can be ascertained; and of this order we trust the most sensitive author cannot complain. The first work, The Science of Food, is educational, with a truly formidable list of questions at the end which we most devoutly wish we were able to answer. The man who could do so ought to be happy if not beautiful for ever, for would he not know all about the constituent parts of his body, and all about its nourishment? Has he not in his mind (without diagrams) all the percentages of everything? We cannot conceive that he could ever suffer from indigestion, and that alone means long life and happiness. The general principles upon which the dietetic value of food is calculated are the same in all the treatises. Nitrogenous food forms flesh; carbonaceous food gives heat. Some foods, like milk, which is recognized as model food, combine both qualities in about the proper proportions. We observe

Number One, and How to take Cure of Him. By J. J. Pope. London: Allman.

The Science of Food. By L. M. C. London: Bell & Sons. 1883.
 Essays on Diet. By F. W. Newman. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

The Food we Eat. By Dr. Fothergill. London: Griffith & Farran.
Food and Feeding. By Sir Benry Thompson, F.R.C.S. London:
Varne & Co. 1880.
Health in the House. By Mrs. Buckton. London: Longmans & Co.

^{1875.}Popular Lectures on Food. By Dr. Lankester. London: Hardwicke.
1861.

that in The Science of Food the expression "force-producing" is often applied to foods, and many are described as "flesh and force-producing." We believe "force-producing" is not an expression in use by the doctors, and the way in which the term is introduced in this book tends a little to confusion of ideas, for it is not quite easy to make out what is meant by it. This little manual, however, is very useful; it gives almost all the necessary information in a small compass. It is modest and not controversial; it quotes the best authorities for almost all the propositions it puts forward, and gives some excellent practical advice about the choice of flesh, fish, and game which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere.

Have seen elsewhere.

Essays on Diet consists of lectures on vegetarianism, a subject which is made to include not only food but economics. There is a constant of the control of the cont which is made to include not only food but economics. There is a great deal of controversial matter in this book, a great deal that may be true, a great deal that it is very useful to know, but, in truth, advocating an entirely vegetarian diet for all mankind in these days is but crying in the wilderness. It is very desirable to know that certain vegetable foods, or combinations of vegetable foods, contain as much strength-producing material as beef or mutton at half the cost, and the sooner and the oftener this is preached into the minds of the working classes the better; but the author goes very far afield when, in a collection of Essays on Diet, he treats of the land tenure of England. One of his arguments is that the demand for meat enhances its price. This encourages that the demand for meat enhances its price. This encourages landowners and farmers to graze cattle instead of to grow corn, thereby reducing the demand for agricultural labour and driving the labourers into increasing the already too dense population of the town. He also argues that there is great waste in the process of turning land occupied in the growth of cereals into grazing land, for the cereals would support three times as many people as the cattle; and he states that the quantity of meal used in Cincinnati to feed pigs would have gone four times as far in feeding mankind.

To discuss such subjects as these is altogether beyond the scope of this article; but there is one inherent weakness in the creed of vegetarians, and that is that they cannot get on without animal food—namely, milk and eggs. Of course the fact starce vegetarians in the face that nature has provided animal food for all young mammals, and that is a very awkward and untoward fact. Vegetarians, however, in the face of it, have thought it wise to include milk as an article of vegetarian dist. But wilk cannot be include milk as an article of vegetarian diet. But milk cannot be got without cows, and as the consumption of milk may be expected to increase, and is said as a matter of fact to increase, where little or no other animal food is taken, the number of cows must be expected to increase under a vegetarian régime, but then there must also be calves, and these calves will grow up and become cows, and even bulls, and cover the whole surface of the globe in time if they are not killed; but one of the great arguglobe in time if they are not killed; but one of the great arguments for vegetarianism is the cruelty of killing animals. Nobody, of course, desires that any animal shall be killed, but with the minimum of cruelty; but it would seem that if the vegetarian yields on the subject of milk, he must also yield on the subject of killing animals, and if animals must be killed, it is difficult to see why they should not be eaten, seeing that there is no doubt they make excellent food. Milk, therefore, seems to us to be the vegetarian's stumbling-block, and until he throws milk overboard vegetarianism has little in it but a name. Mr. Newman seems to vegetarianism has little in it but a name. Mr. Newman seems to be aware of this to some extent, for he says several times that he is careful not to increase his consumption of milk.

Whether food-books will ever have any effect in changing the diet of the people we doubt. Old habits and traditions have to be uprooted; the substitution of vegetable food for meat will take thought in making the proper combinations, time and trouble in procuring the vegetables, and good cooking to make the food palatable. In all classes of life in England women are the purveyors and generally they are the preparers of food. Can any-thing more hopeless be imagined than to get the average woman to apply her mind to the question whether any particular food is nitrogenous or carbonaceous? or in what seasons and food is nitrogenous or carbonaceous? or in what seasons and in what constitutions the one should preponderate over the other? The truth seems to be that, however much we may know about the scientific value of food as a nutritive agent, the circumstances in each individual case differ so much that no general rules can be laid down. Healthy stout people require one kind of diet, healthy thin people another, gouty people another, consumptive people another, and so on through all the different kinds of constitutions; and then again there are variations of climate, of time of life, and of avocation to be considered. Well-to-do people who can afford a doctor can generally get useful rules laid down for their feeding if they find the proper kind of doctor, but doctors are often incapable of giving the best advice about food; and if they are capable they often refrain from doing so from the hopelessness of getting their patients to conform to it, even if their means enable them to do so, and the impossibility of the poor being able to adjust their diet to their constitutions. We fear that on the majority of mankind food-books are thrown away, and that their effect on the minority will hardly be found away, and that their effect on the minority will hardly be found appreciable in practice. The best way undoubtedly of infusing dietetic truths into the minds of the people is to make dietetic science a part of their education by the introduction of such books science a part of their education by the introduction of such books as *The Science of Food* into the curriculum of elementary schools. On the great subject of alcohol the doctors are on the side of total abstinence, but do not commit themselves to it as a principle of universal application. Dr. Fothergill admits the value of stimulates. Mr. Pope is so apt to be jocose that it is difficult sometimes to know when he means to be serious. He says of alcohol (p. 75) :-

I fear I have but little to say in its favour even as a medicine, and still less as an article of daily consumption. The widespread habit of taking intoxicating liquors merely proves that they are pleasant, not by any means necessities, for whole nations use no alcohol or substitute.

Sir Henry Thompson expresses himself thus (p. 98):

Sir Henry Thompson expresses himself thus (p. 98):—

I am of opinion that the habitual use of wine, beer, or spirits is a dietetle error, say, for nineteen persons out of twenty. In other words, the great majority of the people, at any age or of either sex, will enjoy better health both of body and mind, and will live longer, without any alcoholic drinks whatever, than with habitual indulgence in their use, even although such use be what is popularly understood as moderate. But I do not aver that any particular harm results from the habit of now and then enjoying a glass of really fine pure wine—and, rare as this is, I do not think any other is worth consuming—just as one may occasionally enjoy a particularly choice dish; neither the one nor the other, perhaps, being sufficiently innocuous or digestible for frequent, much less for habitual, use. Then I frankly admit that there are some persons—in the aggregate not a few—who may take small quantities of genuine light wine or beer with very little, if any, appreciable injury. For these persons such drinks may be put in the category of luxuries, permissible within certain limits or conditions; and of such luxuries let tobacco-smoking be another example. No one, probably, is any better for tobacco; and some people are undoubtedly injured by it; while others find it absolutely poisonous, and cannot inhale even a small quantity of the smoke without instantly feeling sick or ill; and some few indulge in the moderate use of tobacco all their lives without any evil effects, at all events which are perceptible to themselves or to others.

Nothing could be more clearly put than this opinion, and Sir H. Thompson's authority is undisputed; but it is evident that he is writing for a class which can afford genuine light wine or beer. writing for a class which can afford genuine light wine or beer. But the question of intoxicants is principally important in relation to the great working population; and the difficulty in their case is to satisfy the almost universal craving without injury to life. Mr. Pope appears to deny that alcohol is a stimulant; he classes it as a narcotic. Mrs. Buckton speaks of "spirits," and is eloquent as to their evil effects. She quotes as a terrible example of the effects of alcohol the case of Alexis St. Quentin, the process of digestion in whose stomach is said to have been observed for several years through a hole in his body made by a bullet. It appears that directly Alexis took brandy or other spirits the beautiful pink membrane lining his stomach became very red, and when spirits had been taken for a few days sore boils appeared. It is pleasant to know that there is anything beautiful in the inside of an organ which is so often the subject of maltreatment; but whether a pink or a red membrane is the most beautiful would seem to be a matter of taste. It seems to us to be confusing to class wines and beer as alcohol; they contain, no doubt, a certain amount of alcohol, er as alcohol; they contain, no doubt, a certain amount of alcohol, which, when separated, differs in no respect from pure alcohol. But in wines and beer alcohol is in combination with acids and other ingredients which may materially affect its action. It is not the same thing to take a pint of beer or a pint of claret, as it is to take the quantity of alcohol contained in them separately. The subject of alcohol or intoxicants or stimulants, by whatever name the thing may be called, is a very difficult one, and is by no means to be disposed of, after the manner of teetotallers, by calling alcohol a poison. It is only a poison in large quantities, and then a slow one; perhaps it would be better for mankind if it were more speedy in its operation. Nothing is gained by stating what is so much opposed to general experience as that stimulants certainly kill or even shorten life. Thousands of people take a large quantity, in the shape of wine or beer, every day, and live to a healthy old age. Many get drunk every day for years. The records of many a police-court would show that habitual drunkenness does not necessarily kill people; they live to be a nuisance ingredients which may materially affect its action. It is not the ness does not necessarily kill people; they live to be a nuisance and a disgrace much too long. Sir Henry Thompson probably puts the matter in its proper light when he says that the great majority of people would have better health and would live longer without any alcoholic drinks; but to class the drinkers of longer without any alcoholic drinks; but to class the urinkers of wine, beer, and spirits together as consumers of alcoholic poison is a most pernicious exaggeration. Much the same may be said of tobacco. It is quite possible that Sir Henry Thompson may be right in saying that no one is any the better for tobacco; but smoking is now well-nigh universal in men of all grades, and there is probably hardly anything which would arouse the artisan a sense of wrong so much as any interference with his pipe, ody doubts for a moment the baneful effect of any liquid con-Nobody doubts for a moment the baneful effect of any liquid containing alcohol, except in moderation, or that smoking in excess affects the nervous system and weakens the heart; but we urge that it has never been proved that moderate drinking or smoking shortens life, while both add to its comfort; and that public writing or speaking which takes the contrary for granted is mischievous as an exaggeration which tends to weaken the arguments for moderation. What our efforts should be directed to is to induce people to get through life with no more drinking or smoking or other mere indulgence than is compatible with health. Some words addressed to the working classes by some one in whom they put faith, and who would put the known effects of food and drink words addressed to the working classes by some one in whom they put faith, and who would put the known effects of food and drink before them with the weight of knowledge and without fanaticism or prejudice, might induce them to take a rational view of questions which they now feel themselves hopelessly unable to solve—partly from want of information, and partly from the discordant counsels poured upon them by persons prejudiced on one side or the other.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

THERE is a story current in bibliographical circles to the effect that a well-known scholar while staying at an hotel in Lausanne came upon an uninteresting-looking edition of Shakspeare, which was in the possession of his host. It was not particularly old; it was illustrated, but undated, and there was nothing about it which would have attracted the attention of an ordinary man. But the scholar in question happened to be a Shakspeare student, and it struck him that he had never seen this edition before. He was almost ashamed of feeling any curiosity

nothing about it which would have attracted the attention of an ordinary man. But the scholar in question happened to be a Shakspeare student, and it struck him that he had never seen this edition before. He was almost ashamed of feeling any curiosity about a book so commonplace, but he persuaded himself to take a note of the edition, and in the process of time he looked into the question of its bibliography. He could meet with no account of it anywhere; its existence seemed to be utterly unknown, and at last the hotel-keeper at Lausanne was persuaded to part with it. Unless we are very much mistaken, this humdrum illustrated Shakspeare now reposes in a case in the British Museum, sumptuously bound by Bedford, not because it is in itself an object of desire, but simply because to this day no other copy of this particular edition has been met with in any part of the globe. Without doubt not a few cheap editions of our classics have run through their little day, and gone in a mass to the waste-paper basket, at all events in the years that preceded the present system of preservation, when even each month's Bradshaw enters into its lasting rest on the shelves of the British Museum.

We do not anticipate such a fate for the new Scottish Shakspeare, an édition de luxe which treads hard on the heels of the pretty Parchment Library Shakspeare. It appears in eight octave volumes, in an issue strictly limited to 550 copies, and in all the luxury of thick paper and wide edges. It has the disadvantage that the volumes will not open easily without a fatal strain to the binding; but this is almost its only fault. The text is said to be that of the first edition, which is somewhat ambiguous, and in most cases incorrect. We soon find that what is meant is the folio of 1623. We are sorry that no publisher of a luxurious Shakspeare thinks of giving us facsimiles, or copies, of the original title-pages of such plays as still exist in quarto. This has already been done by the house of Lemerre in its charming little Molière, but wo Shakspeare, and of course retains the preface by Heminge and Condell, and the commendatory verses by Ben Jonson, Holland, and Digges, which are commonly omitted in editions of the poet, but which possess not a little interest as documents. The modern

and Digges, which are commonly omitted in editions of the poet, but which possess not a little interest as documents. The modern illustrations to the reprint consist of etchings, one to each drama, from the designs of the French painter, Charles Henri Pille. M. Pille, who is a pupil of M. Félix Bărrias, is a young artist who has been trained in a sound historical school, and whose work is careful and thorough. He first won the attention of the public by pen-and-ink drawings of historical subjects; and although we cannot assert that the present designs were of that kind, they bear every mark of being so. They have been translated, whether from pen-and-ink or from colour, by M. Louis Monzies, an etcher of about the same standing as M. Pille, who has evidently entered into the spirit of the drawings with great intelligence.

It is a significant fact that Mr. Paterson should have gone to France for work of this kind. We doubt if he could have got it done so well in England. It is not that we do not possess masterly etchers, men capable of far higher work than this; but, as a rule, the English artists in this kind are unable or unwilling to bend their talent to the business of miniature illustration. In Paris men like Laguillermie and Lalauze have taken up this branch of work, and have made a practical as well as a charming thing of it, the Gallic sprightliness and refinement carrying them through difficulties in which our native artists would lose heart and sink. In this matter of a Shakspeare, we can imagine that Mr. Robert Macbeth might give a vigorous rendering of The Taming of the Shrew or The Merry Wives of Windsor; but our imagination fails us in conceiving what he would do with A Midnumer Night's Dream or Cymbeline. He would not be capable of going through the entire works of Shakspeare; and yet he is certainly the most competent figure-etcher we now possess. But in Paris there are a dozen men who could do this without disof going through the entire works of Shakspeare; and yet he is certainly the most competent figure-etcher we now possess. But in Paris there are a dozen men who could do this without discredit; and here we see MM. Pille and Monzies quietly going through the whole series—without any very brilliant success, it is true, but without a single failure. They are workmanlike and skilful; and, on the whole, they have produced an excellent edition of Shakspeare, which we recommend to all lovers of handsome books. We believe that it will be widely prized; and we have no fear that a unique copy of it will ever be discovered at Tobolsk or Tangiers, and need to be secured for the national collection.

The volume of Scottish Pictures issued by the Religious Tract Society is said to be illustrated "by eminent artists"; but these eminent artists are not named, as they should be, in the index. The extremely unsatisfactory woodcut of Gairloch, which forms

the frontispiece, does well to conceal its shame under a complete anonymity; but some of the other plates are very good in their way. Some seem to be from the too facile pencil of Mr. McWhirter, and others are undoubtedly due to the action of that eminent artist the sun. An engraved photograph, unless very skilfully treated, is apt to look odd and awkward among a group of cuts from drawings. The startling realism of "The Giant's Leg, Noss," on p. 203, should not have been confronted with the pastoral feebleness of the "Lerwick," on p. 202. Some of the Sutherlandshire views, on the contrary, though plainly from photographs, are very satisfactory. That of Suilven, on p. 190, really gives something of the charm of that vast isolated crag as it soars out of the flat mosses of Assynt. "Old Aberdeen," on p. 168, looks more like a view of Damascus in some old-fashioned book of travels in Palestine than the reality; and in a view of the glorious fragments of Elgin we might have been spared the young artist in a kilt, who is sketching and making love to a lady in the immediate foreground. We should like to offer up these young persons to the Wolf of Badenoch. These illustrations are singularly unequal in merit, and we are inclined, after all, to think those best which are most obviously taken from photographs. An exception is the "Windthe frontispiece, does well to conceal its shame under a complete and we are inclined, after all, to think those best which are most obviously taken from photographs. An exception is the "Windings of the Forth," by the late Sam Bough, which would have formed a happy and appropriate frontispiece. It is noticeable that, except in cases where a very startling feature of the scenery fills the background, it is very difficult to recognize landscape views of this kind. Of course the Bass Rock is an object which

hils the background, it is very difficult to recognize landscape views of this kind. Of course the Bass Rock is an object which cannot be belied; even the man who took the painting of a cow for that of a ship might be expected to greet an old friend of such startling form as this. But the views of lochs and braes are hard to identify, and in the book before us we found ourselves gazing at the picture of "Rumbling Bridge," on p. 155, without a gleam of recognition, although we are as familiar with the banks of Devon as the Mad Maid herself. The fact is that our native illustrators, especially in landscape, still think that they can beautify the world and improve the face of nature, and in introducing their conventional graces they remove the very impression of reality.

We are by no means certain that the American style of illustration which is now in fashion is the best which can be devised for all kinds of subjects. In figure compositions, for instance, it rarely affords scope for the purest draughtsmanship. But in rendering scenery, and especially the peculiar scenery of which Scotland presents us with as fine examples as the world possesses, the American manner seems to us the best. Here drawing is less essential than tone, and the gradations of atmospheric effect are of the first order of importance. Instead of the crude and unnatural sketches to which we have referred, we should like to see what Mr. Parrish or the Morans would make of the solemn shades of Loch Corusk, of the Outer Hebrides drawn in rose-colour against an amber Parrish or the Morans would make of the solemn shades of Loch Coruisk, of the Outer Hebrides drawn in rose-colour against an amber sky, of the wreaths of vapour ascending and descending the peaks of the Cuchullins, or of the long melancholy lines of a Ross-shire moss. We are convinced that the vague melancholy and delicate loveliness of Scotch scenery would impel the artists of this school to great successes. It is extremely curious that the dry dazzling light of the State of New York should have produced a group of artists who, more than any other—more even than the latest school of the Hague—love to represent refined and fleeting atmessheric impress

of the State of New York should have produced a group of artists who, more than any other—more even than the latest school of the Hague—love to represent refined and fleeting atmespheric impressions, notes of mist and shadow and watery light.

The third volume on our list is an edition of Ivanhoe, which comes to us with the imprint of London and New York, but is illustrated by four French artists of quite a fourth-rate order. Of one of these, M. Riou, many Englishmen may never have heard; of the rest, M. Frédéric Lix is an Aleatian of some little repute; and the others, M. Adrien Marie and M. Henri Scott, are just known to frequenters of French picture-galleries, and that is all. The productions of these four pencils are not in themselves very interesting. M. Lix, who is the best-known of the quartett, comes out the worst; his figure compositions are very poor and insipid. M. Marie is much better; his "Discovery of the Knight of Ivanhoe," on p. 150, is neatly drawn, original, and vivacious in expression, and his "Rebecca and Rowena," on p. 213, is exceedingly pretty. M. Scott has adopted, with somewhat less success, the same light and effective manner; M. Riou, on the other hand, is too ambitious, and seems desirous of competing with Doré in the field of romance. On the whole, it cannot be said that the illustrations of this edition of Ivanhoe are in any way remarkable, nor excuse the publishers for having gone across the Channel in search of them. We are of opinion that we cannot study too carefully the results of first-rate foreign training in artists of the highest genius; but there is at the present day a great deal too much patronage of mediocre foreign art in England and America, merely on the ground that everything French must be admirable. But this is a mistake; the compositions of M. Frédéric Lix are not admirable.

DR. EDITH ROMNEY.

In reviewing a novel that is published anonymously, one of the first duties of the critic is to endeavour to discover the sex of the author. We had not to read much of the book before us in order to do this. On the third page there is a description of two gentlemen sitting together after dinner. One of them "removed his cigar from his lips, deliberately and with epicurean

Dramatic Works of Shakespeare. The Text of the First Edition. Illustrated with Etchings. 8 vols. Edinburgh: W. Paterson. 1883.
 Scottish Pictures drawn with Pen and Pencil. By Samuel C. Green. Illustrated by eminent artists. London: Religious Tract Society.

Ivanhoe. A Romance. By Sir Walter Scott. With Illustrations by Riou, Marie, Lix, and Scott. London and New York: Ward, Lock, & Co.

Dr. Edith Ronney. A Novel. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley Son. 1883.

enjoyment disposed of a glass of port, replaced his cigar," and presently "poured himself out another glass of wine." It would be difficult to imagine anything further removed from epicurean enjoyment than alternately drinking port and smoking a cigar; nor do we believe that a man would dare to shock his readers nor do we believe that a man would dare to shock his readers in his opening pages by suggesting anything so inconceivably masty. After satisfying ourselves that the book was the work of a lady, we were astonished to find it full of language of which ladies are supposed to be ignorant; but we got over this difficulty by assuming that the novel was the joint work of a lady and a man. We supposed that the lady had written the story and the man the swearing; and that, just as books may be advertised as "By A.—, illustrations by B.—," so Dr. Edith Romney might have been described as "By Miss Dash, oaths by Mr. Blank." Authors should not allow their books to be over-lilustrated, and lady novelists should caution those whom they employ to do their lady novelists should caution those whom they employ to do their swearing to be moderate. The usual way of expressing bad language in polite literature is to place a —— between the first and last letters of the objectionable words; but in the book that we last letters of the objectionable words; but in the book that we are noticing the oaths are given in full. Here and there we meet with a —, without any letter prefixed to denote its meaning—the author probably imagines that it may be a gratification to some people to supply their own expletives—but, as a rule, the swearing is given in all its richness. There are many ways of filling a three-volume novel, but the use of perpetual coarse language is rather an exceptional one; yet if all the blasphemy were to be subtracted from Dr. Edith Romney, the bulk of that work would be considerably reduced. ould be considerably reduced.

would be considerably reduced.

Next to the swearing, the most remarkable feature of the book is the constant misplacement of the letter h. There is nothing particularly funny in the abuse of this letter, and even if there were, a too frequent repetition of the joke would be wearying; but here it occurs on page after page. A Mr. Chutterworth is the principal aggressor. We wish the author had told us at starting that this man habitually misplaced his h's, and had left us to imagine the rest. To overload a novel with any provincialism is a questionable policy; but to cram a book with paragraph after paragraph of distorted aspirates is simply to worry the reader beyond endurance. Then if this sort of thing must needs be done at all, it should be done well—bad as it is at best, it should be good of its kind—consequently there can be no excuse for making good of its kind—consequently there can be no excuse for making the characters in a novel abuse their aspirates in an impossible manner. There are certain misplacements of the letter h which are easily accounted for. Thus, when Mr. Chutterworth is made to say, "We want a strong man's 'and on the medical 'elm of a flourishing town like Wanningster," we can understand his mis-

flourishing town like Wanningster," we can understand his mistakes; but there can be no reason for his talking about "a nice h'amusement," or "my h'astonishment."

Reviewers so usually condemn novels for being spun out, that we pass over that fault when possible. We expect to find every three-volume novel amply padded, and we lay the blame of this padding rather on the publisher than on the author; but sometimes a novel is so much more of a wind-bag than its fellows, that its windiness demands special notice. Dr. Edith Ronney is a case in point. It is full of tedious and aimless details. Conversation succeeds conversation about matters of no interest, and versation succeeds conversation about matters of no interest, and the general level of the small-talk is that of the inhabitants of the general level of the small-talk is that of the inhabitants of the semi-detached villas in the suburbs of a fifth-class provincial town. It might, perhaps, be difficult to find a book containing so much tittle-tattle and petty gossip. Denuded of all padding, the story is short, although the novel is long. A lady-doctor goes to a country town and takes away the patients from the oldest practitioner. In a fit of jealousy the oldest practitioner gives up his practice to a handsome and attractive friend, in order that the latter may, in turn, take away the patients from the lady-doctor. This the attractive friend speeceds in doing but he that the latter may, in ture, take away the patients from the lady-doctor. This the attractive friend succeeds in doing, but he eventually falls in love with the lady-doctor, and asks her to marry him. Two "side couples" also get married in the course of the story. The sympathies of the author are evidently with the lady-doctor—Dr. Edith Romney. Young, beautiful, graceful, good, and attractive Dr. Edith Romney. attractive, Dr. Edith is represented as a model heroine, healing the sick, comforting the afflicted, and bearing the sneers and the slanders of jealous men with the spirit of a martyr. Her rival, the he-doctor, is also beautiful, young, and attractive. This is the way the pair spend a Sunday morning while other people are

Edith hurried across the field. A necessity was upon her to cut the in-erview short; her falling strength warned her she could bear no more. Near the gate Fane stopped. "Grant me one boon," he said. "Let me is you once."

They were hidden in a corner of the field by the tall bushy hedges. Edith mutely lifted her white face.

Fane put his arms round her, and pressed more than one lingering kiss upon her lips.

At the time that this kissing was going on between the two doctors, the male doctor was engaged to be married to a lay-lady, a fact of which the female doctor was fully aware. The wooing and cooing of the doctors occupy about half a volume. There is a rapturous scene in a garden. The male "bent his lofty head" and "stopped short," for "at the end of the vista of green" he saw—the female. The lady-doctor's "tall slender figure, in its soft white dress, over which wavered flecked sunshine and shade, was thrown slightly back, as, with upturned face of rapt enjoyment, she listened to a blackbird." Presently came a distraction. "She heard his step, and brought her eyes from the tall tree almost overhead." After performing this curious feat, she also stopped short,

or rather "she paused." We supposed that she had been already pausing while she listened with rapt enjoyment to the blackbird. She did not bring down her eyes from the top of the tree for nothing, "Their eyes met. Neither knew which pair sank first." This is deeply touching, but the climax is reached when the medical Adam and Eve arrive at a gooseberry-bush—a "fertile" gooseberry-bush. In this gooseberry-bush their hands touched each other—"touched and thrilied." There was a short silence "probably their mentles were to full to great, "that the berry-bush. In this goosethery-bush their hands touched each other—" touched and thrilied." There was a short silence"—probably their mouths were too full to speak—" but there was no awkwardness in the pause, for perhaps neither was quite aware of it," which, may we be permitted to add, satisfactorily accounts for the milk in the cocoa nut. No kissing is recorded on this occasion. At another meeting the she-doctor was the first to stop short. "She stopped short in the middle of the lane, startled and dismayed at the ruthless sweeping away of her explication of the lane." "She stopped short in the middle of the lane, startled and dismayed at the ruthless sweeping away of her exultation of mood by the sight of" the he-doctor, and "at the sudden commotion of revolt against the necessity of renunciation. Her heart leapt to him, and throbbed with overwhelming, subduing feeling; a moment's fear of the force and passion of his [sic] came over her." &c. But Dr. Romney is not the only lady with an eccentric heart. Mrs. Ardley's "heart sank flutteringly." Worse still, the same person, in another place. "uttered a grunt of laughter."

Ardley's "heart sank flutteringly." Worse still, the same person, in another place, "uttered a grunt of laughter."

The character of Dr. Fullagher, the old practitioner who loses his patients after the advent of the lady-doctor, is well drawn. His language is not always refined, but he is amusing. He is a woman-hater of the most pronounced type, and as such he makes a good set-off to the lady-doctor. He was the man who drank the port and smoked the cigar; but, beyond this one glaring offence, we have no great fault to find with him. His manner of expressing himself was a little too forcible. The following example is a fair specimen of his usual style. He had been attending a costermonger's wife, who was suffering from the effects attending a costemmonger's wife, who was suffering from the effects of a beating from her husband, and he described his attempts at

consoling her as follows :-

"'Good Lord, woman,' said I, 'what in the name of all Bedlam made you marry that drunken villain?' And what do you suppose she said?" "God knows," said Fane.
"'Oh, doctor,' says she, 'he had such wheedling ways.' 'Wheedling ways be dammed,' said I. 'If he doesn't get rid of them pretty soon he'll wheedle you into your grave.'"

There is a description of the accidental invasion of the old doctor's garden by a young and beautiful lady, which is as good as anything in the book; and the account of the care with which the old curmudgeon nursed the lady-doctor when she was dangerously ill is decidedly forcible. Like many professed women-haters, he could be very kind to women when he chose. Rude as he often was to women, he could be even ruder to men. Mr. Chutterworth tells some friends that he called on the doctor one onuterworth tens some friends that he canted on the doctor one morning, and found him surrounded by his pet birds. "When I said, Good morning, doctor, as well as I could for the row, he scowls at me and says, 'Den't bellow like a bull, man, you'll frighten the birds.' 'Oh, damn the birds, they frighten me,' says I at the result of the property of the second the same of the same of the second the same of the sam scowls at me and says, 'Dan't bellow like a bull, man, you'll frighten the birds.' 'Oh, damn the birds, they frighten me,' says I. 'I'd rather see you damned,' he said," and so on. The account of a dinner-party, at which the above remark was made, occupies forty-seven pages. It is exceedingly tedious, and terribly vulgar. The party takes place at the house of Mr. Chutterworth himself, and it would be difficult to say whether he or his guests are the most objectionable. Compressed into eight or ten pages, the description of this dinner-party might have been made tolerably amusing, but, as it stands, it is almost unreadable. Nearly fifty pages of oaths, misplaced h's, vulgar jokes, and flabby repartees, placed in the early part of the first volume, are enough to make nine out of every ten readers fling the novel on one side without further perusal. As a specimen of the sort of thing with which this account of the dinner-party abounds, we may notice that when dinner was announced, the host said, "'Come along, good people—I only 'ope you're all as 'ungry as I am.'" "Whereupon "he swooped down upon" the lady he was to take in to dinner. "'You're my prize,' he said facetiously, crooking his arm." The descriptions of the dresses of the ladies at this feast are very wearying, and there is some nonsense about "the elegant sombreness which characterizes man's evening attire."

Dr. Edith Romey received a very candid opinion about lady-dectors when Mr. Chutterworth called to settle her bill. The

ness which characterizes man's evening attire."

Dr. Edith Romney received a very candid opinion about lady-doctors, when Mr. Chutterworth called to settle her bill. The amount fairly took his breath away. "Seems queer for a lady to charge as much as a h'ordinary doctor," said he; "— deuced queer, by Jove! If that's to be the little game, we may as well ave the real h'article at once." "All female labour is inferior in the market." In Edith then asked him why he had risked the ave the real h'article at once." "All female labour is inferior in the market." Dr. Edith then asked him why he had risked the the market." alth of his wife and daughters by employing a lady-doctor, if beld a higher opinion of men-doctors. "There wasn't no risk," health of his wife and daughters by employing a lady-doctor, if he held a higher opinion of men-doctors. "There wasn't no risk," he replied. "They're never ailed nothing but fancies these last six months." "If there'd been something serious got 'old on one of 'em, such as—well say fever or—or—well, h'anything dangerous, it would have been another bale of goods altogether." He added further:—"You don't suppose I pay my female 'ands what I pay the men? By the powers, no!—nor no manufacturer don't! That's market law, Miss Romney, women's work is cheaper than men's." And after persuading her to reduce the amount of her bill to what he called "something like," he gave her a piece of parting advice as he left the room. "If you want to make any way at all against competition, you must undersell, Miss Romney, you must undersell. That's your only chance."

These volumes have many peculiarities of style and grammar. On the second page we read that on a certain occasion the moon was "distant," as if that were a remarkable and unusual event,

and in the next sentence we are told that there was still enough light for the two doctors to "see each other's face." A little further on a man and a woman "stood talking a minute." The perfect heroine herself asks "Whatever should he do that for?" and a young country gentleman says, "We aren't muddy—not to speak of." Indeed, from beginning to end, the book is full of faults. Many of the characters are uninteresting and indistinctly sketched. The best drawn is Dr. Fullagher; the second best is Nicholson, the drunken costermonger, and the heroine herself is passable enough—until she falls in love. When the love—making between the two doctors begins, common sense ends, and we have no wish to read another medical idyl by the same author.

MINOR NOTICES.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. SHELDON AMOS'S work on the Civil Law (1) is a commonplace compilation introduced by a pretentious title and preface. If it is meant for a working manual of Roman law, we do not think it fitted to compete successfully with Mr. Hunter's well-known text-book. Mr. Hunter's work is not wholly free from drawbacks, but it has a positive character and merit of its own such as we fail to find in Mr. Amos's. There is a considerable show of methodical arrangement in the present book, but little judgment and proportion. Too much is made of the lesser matters, and too little of the greater ones. As for the promise held out in the title-page of treating Roman law in a scientific and comparative manner, we cannot see where or how it promise held out in the title-page of treating Roman law in a scientific and comparative manner, we cannot see where or how it is fulfilled. To take the most obvious tests, the important and difficult topic of Possession is disposed of in the most meagre fashion; and a writer who has not a word to say on the relations of the Nexum and the Stipulation toone another and to the early history of contract in general (a point, by the way, on which Mr. Hunter is very good) cannot be said to have added much to our comparative or scientific knowledge of the subject. While we are in the chapter of Obligations, we might mildly remind Mr. Amos that quasi-contractus and quasi-delicta are not Latin terms; but an author who gravely, nay urgently, desiderates an English translation of the Digest cannot be expected to have a fine sense of Roman usage. However, Mr. Sheldon Amos is certainly to be congratulated on one thing; he has succeeded in writing a whole book without mentioning, so far as we have observed, the Contagious Diseases Acts.

The Duke of Argyll knows how wise it is to take time by the forelock, and is resolved not to leave himself at the mercy of the Royal Commission which has been inquiring into the condition of the Western Highlands and the Hebrides. It is already sufficient to the condition of the Western Highlands and the Hebrides. the Western Highlands and the Hebrides. It is already sufficiently well known that the Commission has been collecting not a little gossip, and has been solemnly making notes of various parrot cries learnt by the tenants from agitators. As a precaution against the very possible danger that all this may be republished in such a way as to amount to an indictment of the landlords, the Duke has way as to amount to an indictment of the landlords, the Duke has put his own version of the story on record. This apologia is a pamphlet entitled Crofts and Farms in the Hebrides (2), and is the most valuable contribution which has as yet been made to the cottier controversy. It is written in a most effective style. As the Duke had already argued the general question in The Nincteenth Century, he has confined himself in his pamphlet to the history of two of his own estates in the island of Tyree and the Ross of Mull. It is not in human nature that the Duke should be whelly free from hise and a comprehent with which the Ross of Mull. It is not in human nature that the Duke should be wholly free from bias, and a competent critic might doubtless show that he has unconsciously exercised a certain discretion in the arrangement of his lights and shades. After making due allowance, however, for a certain amount of inevitable partiality, we do not think that any fair-minded reader will deny that the Duke shows clearly that these estates have been wisely and humanely administered on the whole. The policy of throwing the very small crofts together, and preventing the undue increase of the population on the island, has worked for the good of the people. One story told by the author illustrates the Commissioners' method of taking evidence little to their advantage. They have credulously reported the

nas worked for the good of the people. One story told by the author illustrates the Commissioners' method of taking evidence little to their advantage. They have credulously reported the complaint of a tenant in Tyree that he was not allowed to cut peat. Now, as a matter of fact, there is no peat in the island.

The bound volumes of our art magazines for the past year are all more or less satisfactory to look at. The critical and historical articles are not inferior to the writing in foreign periodicals of the class, and, except in the matter of etchings, the illustrations stand a comparison even better. Among our artistic publications, The Magazine of Art (3) holds a very honourable place. Its illustrations are well chosen and well executed. The variety of subjects treated is very great. The articles range from "Greek Myths in Greek Art" to the houses of modern artists, and touch on Japanese art, the pictures of F. Millet, children's pictures, and innumerable other things on the way. The critical articles are soundly written, and the wood engravings are honourable to the skill of the workmen and the taste of the editor who is responsible for their selection.

Criticism of the periodical (4), published by Messrs. Remington

(1) The History and Principles of the Civil Law of Rome: an Aid to

and conducted by Mr. Comyns Carr, must necessarily be little more than a repetition of what has been said of *The Mayazine of Art*. It is impossible to make any detailed mention here of the contents of *Art and Letters*. We can only say in general terms that it makes a handsome volume, full of readable articles and good illustrations.

illustrations.

If experience had not proved that the novelist is peculiarly a creature of habit, we should feel some surprise that so clever a workman as Mr. Bret Harte has not yet given up putting tragic endings to his bright stories. The misfortunes and death of the virtuous are always pathetic, no doubt; but when they are shown us in season and out of season they begin to pall. It is aggravating to find a terrible catastrophe in the last few pages of a lively tale. Now in nine cases out of ten the feelings of the reader, who is nowise prepared for anything of the kind, are harrowed in this way at the ends of Mr. Bret Harte's stories. Death and failure are the ficelles on which he generally relies, and such mechanical resources should long ago have been thrown aside by a writer who has laughed so consumedly at the mannerisms of other men. If Mr. Bret Harte had not burnt his heroine and drowned his hero in the most unnecessary way, In the Carguinez Woods (5) his hero in the most unnecessary way, In the Carquinez Woods (5) would be an admirable short story. The scene is laid in one of the primæval forests of California. In one of the gigantic hollow trees of this wood an Indian half-breed, known as Low Dorman, has taken up his abode. Low Dorman (a corruption of L'eau dormante) is a civilized person, a pupil of one of the State colleges, and a botanist. He is in love with a Miss Nellie Wynn, the daughter of a camp preacher, a species of Californian Pecksniff. Miss Wynn is the beauty of Excelsior and has many admirers, but daughter of a camp preacher, a species of Californian Pecksniff. Miss Wynn is the beauty of Excelsior and has many admirers, but for the moment she is very much in love with Low Dorman, and visits him in the forest. He has another lady friend, of a very different character. One night the Sheriff and his deputy come through the forest with a prisoner—the dancing girl Teresa, who is being taken to gaol for shooting her lover. Teresa escapes after pistolling one of her captors, and takes refuge with the botanist, who conceals her. She is a most disreputable person, who has led a scandalous life; but, for all that, she is not wholly worthless. When she makes the unpleasant discovery that Low Dorman is placidly indifferent to her charms, she is first angered and then conquered. Meanwhile other admirers of Miss Nellie Wynn set themselves to get rid of Low Dorman, and a series of lively adventures follow. In the course of these the Indian botanist makes two discoveries—first, that the minister's daughter is a callous flirt, and then that he has fallen in love with Teresa. He escapes from all perils, and should, on sound artistic principles, triumph finally and wed his Teresa, in spite of her early failings, to which he is entirely indifferent. But Mr. Bret Harte prevents this natural ending by means of a terrible disaster. The prevents this natural ending by means of a terrible disaster. The Carquinez Woods catch fire, and the strange pair of lovers perish together just as they have come to understand one another. In everything except the gloomy ending the story is admirable. It is full of bright sketches of character, and contains some striking descriptions of the circuit of the dispersion woods.

is full of bright sketches of character, and contains some striking descriptions of the gigantic Californian woods.

The Fate of Castle Löwengard (6) is an historical novel of the Schönberg-Cotta family stamp. There is a violent baron of the well-known kind, named Reichart von Helfenstein, who lives in a castle in Swabia. He has a large family, who fear him most devoutly; and his serfs tremble before him. This ferocious baron is guardian of a fair maiden, Ghita von Herrnsdorf, a rich heiress, whom he betroths to his eldest son, Engelbert. The maiden is not loth, for Engelbert is a very fine fellow, and, moreover, is very much in love with her, so that the course of true love seems about to run smooth in this case; but complications arise. Engelbert much in love with her, so that the course of true love seems about to run smooth in this case; but complications arise. Engelbert is sent to the Court of the Elector, Luther's protector, and becomes a devoted follower of the great Reformer. Besides he falls in love with a wicked flirt called Hedwig. Troubles come on him on account both of the Reformer and the lady. He is first put in prison because of the latter, and then chained in a dungeon by his a indignant father, who is a staunch Conservative, because he is a heretic. The faithful Ghita consoles him, and at last he is released by the peasants, who revolt, burn Löwengard, and kill the wicked baron. It is a mild little story, written in a sufficiently lively way, and apparently with some knowledge of the history of the time.

the time.

We are afraid that the story of Arnold's treason and the fate of We are alraid that the story of Arnolds treason and the late of Major André are not sufficiently interesting to English readers to induce them to tackle two closely-printed volumes of a novel which is not particularly exciting in itself. Miss Mary A. M. Hoppus ceris not particularly exciting in itself. Miss Mary A. M. Hoppus certainly treats these burning questions of American history in a commendably temperate way, and even treats Arnold, for whom his countrymen have no mercy, with consideration. But as a story, A Great Treason (7) is dull. It has not nearly enough dramatic interest. The mild loves of Noel and Jasper Fleming leave the reader cold. There is far too much mere history, and the story is unduly spun out. The number of incidents is considerable, but for t part they are already well known, and have no obvious on with the plot.

Miss M. E. Hullah's Little Owl (8) is not the sort of tale likely to

⁽¹⁾ The History and Principles of the Civil Law of Rome: an Aid to the Study of Scientific and Comparative Jurisprudence. By Sheldon Amos. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

(2) Crofts and Farms in the Hebrides. By the Duke of Argyll. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1883.

(3) The Magazine of Art. Vol. VI. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell & Co., Limited. 1883.

(4) Art and Letters. Conducted by J. Comyns Carr. London: Remington & Co. 1883.

⁽⁵⁾ In the Carquinez Woods. By Bret Harte. London: Longmans &

Co. 1883.

(6) The Fate of Castle Löncengard: a Story of the Days of Luther. By Esmè Stuart. London: Suttaby & Co. 1884.

(7) A Great Treason: a Story of the War of Independence. By Mary A. M. Hoppus. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

(8) A Little Oul; and other Stories. By M. E. Hullah. London: Remington & Co. 1883.

fascinate the admirer of "sensational" adventures, but then it was not meant to do so. It tells the story of a good little boy who was nearly spoilt by solitude and petting, but who was helped by the kindness of some chance acquaintances to become a fine fellow. It will probably be more appreciated by little girls than by little

It will probably be more appreciated by little girls than by name boys.

The author of Tasso's Enchanted Ground was not well advised in deciding to translate a selection from the popular stories of Fernan Caballero (9). He may be right in saying that these "Cuadros de Costumbres" "depict in fascinating colours the piety, simplicity, charity, and dignity of Spanish peasant life"; but they are not the less dull and silly in an English translation, and are perfectly false to life. Fernan Caballero was a sentimental German who was educated in Span, and grew up a pious and gashing Catholic. She drew the Andalusian, not as he is, but as the more feeble stamp of religious people would like him to be. The hero of the first story, Simon Verde, is a pious gaby who makes himself a sheep and is eaten by the wolves. Anybody who knows what the Spanish peasant really is can only laugh at this devout fool. Men of his class are often pious, simple, charitable, and dignified, but they are not silly enough to sell the produce of their little farms for less than its proper value, or to get into trouble with the Guardia Civil at the

can only laugh at this devout fool. Men of his class are often pious, simple, charitable, and dignified, but they are not silly enough to sell the produce of their little farms for less than its proper value, or to get into trouble with the Guardia Civil at the request of an unknown vagabond. It is perhaps because Fernan Caballero belongs to that large class of good people who would turn the world into a happy hunting-ground for bullies and cheats that her writings have met with a sort of popularity out of Spain. There is very little of any worth in modern Spanish literature; but, even of that little, much is better worth knowing than the writings of Fernan Caballero. The translation itself is accurate, but the naïveté of the original becomes silliness in English.

Mr. McCarthy is fairly entitled to the credit that his practical manual of Quarter Staff (10) is the first thing of its kind. It is neatly illustrated, and some of the rules he gives are based on sound principles. Against these merits, however, we must set off various defects. He recommends his players to stand too close to one another, and in two cases his directions are simply absurd. He tells his pupil to press down when his head-blow has been guarded. If any player takes this advice, he would probably have the end of his opponent's staff about his ears in an instant. Mr. McCarthy shows the absurdity of his own rule by saying that the "pin" can be baffled by stepping back. Of course it can, and then the pinner will have delivered himself over to the enemy. Again, he recommends a jump in the air as a guard to a cut at the legs. Any player weak enough to try this stratagem would probably have his legs cut from beneath him.

After reading Mr. Twopenny's Town Life in Australia (11) we have become confirmed in our previous opinion that an English colony is a very nice place indeed for a hard-working, sober, and intelligent working, man, but for nobody else. The lowest class of labourers can earn eight shillings a day at Melbourne, and need not pay more

prosperity, but it may still want many things. It may be deficient in good manners and leisure and an intelligent taste for the luxuries of life—by much the most necessary things in it. Now it is just these benefits and qualities which are conspicuously wanting in Australia, as Mr. Twopenny shows. Houses are ill furnished, food is badly cooked, society is vulgar, narrow-minded, and showy. In Melbourne the larrikin element is becoming a danger and a nuisance to decent people, and it is said to have the sympathy of the "democracy." Even wealth would be dearly won by years spent in the midst of such prosperous squalor as is described in Town Life in Australia.

In some respects Mr. Lillie's Popular Life of Buddha (12) is a most readable book. Nobody, we imagine, will ever learn from it exactly what Buddha taught or what his teaching has come to. It is very confused, and the narrative seems to wander away at times towards the "great Nowhere," a mysterious place frequently mentioned in these pages. There are, however, many redeeming features in Mr. Lillie's book. It contains some curious stories and many quotations from Buddhist religious writings which are beautiful and profound. The two are jumbled together, as if the author had taken some extravagant form of the Arabian Nights and a collection of hymns, and thrown the quotations together at random. They make a curious mixture. By far the most amusing things in the book, however, are Mr. Lillie's repeated and furious attacks on Dr. Rhys Davids, whom he girds at continually as a Comtist and "confused and untrained thinker." Mr. Lillie, like some other Orientalists, seems to have a fondness for the alashing style of the old classical commentators.

Mr. Meiklejohn's Life of Dr. Hodgson (13) is one of those volumes which contain just matter enough to make a good pamphlet swollen out by padding. It is the biography of a dis-

tinguished professor who was a good scholar, but no more. Dr. Hodgson scarcely did enough as a teacher of political economy to make his life generally interesting. Biographies of this kind are pleasing to the friends of the hero, and are written for them.

Dr. R. Hogg's Herefordshire Pomona (14), which has now reached its sixth part, is not a book which the profane can criticize. What, however, all the world can see is that this exhaustive account of our English apples is published on a magnificent scale and splendidly illustrated. The plates are not only accurate portraits, but beautiful as works of art.

A volume of stories and essays by Mr. John Hollingshead is always readable, and his last is no exception to the rule. Footlights (15) does not contain a single dull page. We may think that some of the stories contain a little too much pathos and humour which is mere imitation of Dickens, but it is good of its kind. If we have seen "A Cockney Story" before, and many of its kind, at least we are not sorry to see it again; and as much may be said for the other tales. Some of the essays are perhaps scarcely worth reprinting. Who cares to see "Dramatic Critics Criticized" except once in a way, and when all the "hits" are fresh? Articles on such a subject are barely tolerable when they need a commentator. Nevertheless, if the reader is content to suppose that it tells of something which happened in a Cockney fairyland, he can read it with some degree of satisfaction. The two papers on foreign travel at the end of the volume are chiefly valuable as showing what a typical Londoner thinks about the way in which things are done in London. Mr. Hollingshead points his moral smartly, but—we may be pardoned for thinking—a little too flippantly. He thinks that the Russians are treated like rational beings because they can stay as late as they please in a café, and have no pews in their churches. Some of us would prefer to see them allowed to think for themselves on other subjects besides cafés and pews. Some doubts may also founds a toreador with a torero. This is not an important matter, but why write about the bull-fight if you know nothing about it? Footlights, however, is meant to be readable rather than accurate, and it succeeds fully.

and it succeeds fully.

At the present moment when the desire of the Australians to protect themselves against the too close neighbourhood of foreign Powers is likely to lead to political events of some importance, Mr. Coote's handy little work on the islands of the Western Pacific (16) is timely and welcome. It is condensed from a larger book of travels, and the author has added some pages on colonial extension in the Pacific.

(14) The Herefordshire Pomona. Part VI. Edited by Robert Hogg.
London: "The Journal of Horticulture" Office. 1883.
(15) Footlights. By John Hollingshead. London: Chapman & Hall,
Limited. 1883. (16) The Western Pacific. By Walter Coote, F.R.G.S. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

MR. NICHOLAS CHEVALIER requests us to state that he is not the Mr. Chevalier referred to in our recent article on Autumn

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

(13) Life and Letters of W. B. Hodgson, LL.D. Edited by J. M. D.

A Woman's Reason.

The Myth of Kirké. The Cruise of the Alert. Scientific Diet. Illustrated Books.

Dr. Edith Romney. Minor Notices.

(11) Town Life in Australia. By R. E. N. Twopenny. London: Ellot Stock. 1883. (12) The Popular Life of Buddha. By Arthur Lillie. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

⁽⁹⁾ National Pictures; from the Spanish of Fernan Caballero. By the Author of "Tasso's Enchanted Ground." London: Burns & Oates. 1883.
(10) Quarter Staff. By Thomas A. McCarthy. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1883.

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ory and Practice—Liberal Speeches—The Wicked Squires—Egypt—The Farmers' Alliance—L.-rd Sabsbury and Sir Charles Duke—The Trides' Conference in Paris—The Fisheries Exhibition—French Co-onial Difficulties.

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